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The War of Nerves (Cont'd)

The war of nerves goes on, but begins to look a little less one-sided than before. Several reports from inside Germany suggest that Hitler is beginning to feel the strain as much as, or more than, the Allies. Meanwhile, he continued to announce that a terrible attack is just about to begin. Soviet Russia scolds Finland on the approved formula that 3,500,000 Finns are threatening war against 170,000,000 Russians. Italy has told Stalin, not too politely, to keep out of the Balkans. Although the imminent danger that Belgium and the Netherlands will be attacked seems averted, it may of course reappear at any moment. The diplomatic phase of the war, which continues to be the most important, extends to the Far East. Many people believe the withdrawal of British garrisons from North China is proof that Great Britain and Japan have come to an understanding which bodes extremely ill for China. There are other reports, however, that Japan and Russia are making an agreement which goes far beyond the questions of trade and fisheries. These two rumors may simply be evidence of Japan's game in playing Britain and the Soviet Union against each other. An important clue will come if England and Russia, or either of them, is quick to recognize the puppet Chinese government Japan is setting up in Shanghai.

Frightfulness at Sea

The warfare at sea has taken a sudden and ugly turn. Over the week-end of November 19 nine ships were sunk in the North Sea, with a serious loss of life; from one of them, the "Simon Bolivar," 100 persons are missing. These ships, a majority neutral and unarmed, were all sunk by mines, which are attributed to Germany by everyone except the Germans. Many mines, torn loose by stormy weather, have washed ashore and exploded against rocks or breakwaters. International law forbids floating mines except those which become harmless in one hour. It forbids anchored mines which remain effective after they have gone adrift. No country is supposed to lay mine fields without notifying everyone that this has been done. Germany has apparently violated the last two of these regulations and perhaps all three. Berlin's reply to these accusations is that the British laid the mines themselves, in order presumably to cut off food from their own population. Submarine activity has been noticeably lessened for the past few weeks, and some people believe the measures taken against it have proved so good that it is becoming unprofitable because of heavy losses. Indiscriminate secret mine-laying may be an alternative and it is even suggested that this may be the terrible new weapon Hitler promised. In any case, the British are planning wholesale mine sweeping, and the experience of the last war suggests it should be effective.

The Court Unpacked

The death of Mr. Justice Butler removes from the Supreme Court one of its most stubborn economic conservatives—a man who before his appointment was a railroad attorney and after it saw every economic issue with the bias of protecting and even of extending corporate property rights. This gives the President a

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chance to make his fifth appointment to the Court and thus to establish a secure majority for a more liberal interpretation of the Constitution. It is commonly expected that he will appoint Attorney General Frank Murphy, who combines in a miraculous degree the necessary political qualifications, both irrelevant and relevant. Mr. Butler was a Catholic and a Midwesterner and so is Mr. Murphy; it is hard to see why these circumstances should make either a good Judge. But Mr. Murphy is as liberally inclined as Mr. Butler was conservative; that makes him available under a New Deal President. Editorial commentators who fought the Court-reorganization plan are now asking what good it did for the President to be so impatient; he now has his Court majority without altering the law. They overlook the fact that the Court, largely under stimulus of the criticism which gave rise to the Court plan, already has reversed its previous tendency. The question should rather be directed to these commentators. If Mr. Roosevelt's appointments of five members of a nine-man Court are approved in 1939, why was he accused of wanting to "pack" the Court by proposing to enlarge its membership in 1937?

Unions and the Anti-Trust Law

Are labor unions to be exempt from prosecution under the anti-trust laws? Thurman Arnold, Assistant Attorney General, says they are not. In an important letter to the Central Labor Union of Indianapolis, he has outlined the conditions under which prosecutions may be expected. He makes it clear first of all that the government will not proceed against unions for actions reasonably connected with wages, hours, health, safety, preventing the speed-up or establishing and maintaining collective bargaining. It will not act, though repeatedly asked to do so, in regard to secondary boycotts. It will, however, move when the unions are engaged in operations that are clearly against the public interest and not connected with their legitimate function. Mr. Arnold mentions five of these, some of which are drawn from the building trades. Uncle Sam objects to unions which deliberately prevent, rather than regulating, the introduction of more economical materials or methods. He objects to the requirement of useless labor, such as the demand that an extra union driver be placed on every truck entering a city. He is opposed to racketeering, to restraints on prices through union conspiracy with employers, and to jurisdictional strikes where an employer is harassed in order to attack, through him, a rival union.

It is obvious that great care is necessary to prevent unjust restrictions on unions; our past history is studded with them. With that reservation, however, we think sensible people will agree with Mr. Arnold's plan of attack. The evils he enumerates have been most conspicuous in the building trades, where they have operated, according to reliable evidence, not only to prevent large numbers of houses from being erected but to reduce the annual income of the union members in a marked degree. Many of these unions have been arrogant and scornful of public opinion, building up a needless animosity toward themselves. Cleaning up the evils Mr. Arnold talks about should prove labor's best protection against unfair use of the anti-trust laws.

Labor Party Results

The American Labor Party did not do so well in the recent elections in New York City. Of course, this was an off-year, which is always good for the regular political machines, with their professional methods of getting out the vote. But, as we understand it, the purpose of having a labor party is to beat the political machines at their own game. A well led, enthusiastic party ought to get out its own vote. In its first election, in 1936, the ALP cast 218,000 votes. When Mayor LaGuardia ran in 1937 with its support, it reached the crest, with 482,790. In 1938 it fell to 340,749, and this year to 238,737. The Democrats now have firm control of the City Council. Alex Rose, the secretary of the party, comforts himself with the calculation that it cast a fractionally larger percentage of the total registration than it did in 1938. But this year it had only 15.4 percent of that total, against 21.6 in 1937. Obviously, the action of the party officials in ousting the popular head of the Transport Workers' Union did it no good. The impression is spreading that the party is under the thumb of a narrow-minded sect of right-wing Socialists, who have contributed to the political ruin of every other movement in which they have been influential. Unless that impression is removed, the party is in danger of stagnation or extinction.

Doing Dies's Job

The Communists have put something over on Martin Dies. Though he was authorized by Congress to investigate un-American activities, he has devoted his attention mainly to the Left, leaving virtually untouched the dangerous activities of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. Now The New Masses, Communist weekly, appears with a series of heavily documented articles by its own reporter, John L. Spivak, to tell us in detail what the good Father has been up to. The New Masses believes that its charges lay a basis for federal investigation of law violation such as use of the mails to defraud and income-tax evasion. Naturally, we cannot vouch for the accuracy of these charges and the supporting evidence, but it's a two-to-one shot that they are more reliable than much of the testimony that Dies has projected across the front pages of the country.

More Money for the Navy

In the next session of Congress, the Navy Department will ask an additional billion and a third for new

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ships. In spite of the vast program already under way, the navy feels that it needs three more aircraft carriers, eight cruisers, fifty-two destroyers and thirty-two submarines. Already six battleships of 35,000 tons are under construction and two of 45,000. The airplane program calls for 6,000. The old rule that work will be divided equally between government and private shipyards is to be dropped; the Treasury will put up 30 percent of the cash in advance. Competitive bidding will be laid aside and contractors will work for cost plus 10 percent, a system which during the last war resulted in an orgy of padded expenses and vast hidden profits. In normal times, these proposals would produce roars of protest from all over the country. There is not the slightest reasonable need for such a navy, unless we fear that Britain will be defeated by Hitler and the British navy, captured intact, will be directed against us. Congress should insist on a careful inquiry before authorizing a measure of this kind.

The Nearly Perfect State

A threat of drastic censorship hangs over the West Virginia Guide compiled by the WPA Writers' Project. Governor Holt won control over the unpublished manuscript through a threat that the state would cease to coöperate with any WPA project unless he were allowed to delete matter in the Guide that he deemed "scurrilous, discreditable and detrimental to our state." The nature of this matter was revealed when a local historian delegated to read the manuscript publicly urged that all mention of strikes be eliminated. Publication is now stalemated, with a promise of vigorous protests from federal, state and labor officials if the Governor's blue pencil goes into action. Any book on West Virginia that failed to mention Mother Jones, the Logan Armed March and the Weirton strikes would not be a guide but a fairy story.

Mr. Wells Won't See It Through

When the war began the British announced with a flourish that they would make no propaganda in America, that their cause spoke for itself. Whether they are adhering to this pious resolution, we do not know; a lengthening list of prominent British figures are turning up in this country for lecture tours and are saying precisely the things a propagandist would be expected to say. Mr. H. G. Wells has revealed the fact that he was invited "more or less officially, to do propaganda in Europe or America." But Mr. Wells declined with vigor, as he explained in a recent issue of The New Statesman. He did propaganda in the last war, and he feels that the politicians whom he served betrayed him.

> We who lent ourselves to propaganda, were made fools of and ultimately let down by the traditional tricks of the Foreign Office. . . . The evil state of Europe today is traceable almost directly to the want of imagination, the self-protective cunning and the deliberate breaches of faith made by [British politicians and officials] during those eventful years that immediately followed the Great War. Well, once bit, twice shy. I am not going to be a stalking horse for the British Foreign Office again. . . .
>
> If I lend myself to any propaganda, then by all my standards I shall be damned.
>
> And I will be damned if I lend myself to any propaganda.

This is a statement as courageous as it is explicit. There must be many other men who feel as Mr. Wells does about the lesson of the last war and its relation to the present one. When Britain comes to state her war aims, her first task will be to convince public opinion at home and abroad that she doesn't again intend to sell out the men of good will by a group of secret treaties incompatible with any pretension to decency and justice.

Orchids for The Times

We don't want the editors of The New York Times to think that we have been nagging them. On the contrary, we send them hearty congratulations for their dispatches from Moscow, by G. E. R. Gedye, and from Berlin, by Otto D. Tolischus, which belong in the top rank of diplomatic reporting. Gedye is doing an especially good job, considering how hard it is to get news in Moscow that is based neither on unverified gossip nor on official hand-outs. In the past we have had a great deal to say about the Times correspondents in Paris, in Franco Spain and in Mexico City. But when we attacked the work of men like P. J. Philip, William J. Carney and Arnaldo Cortesi, it wasn't because they fell below an impossible standard set by ourselves. It was because they fell so far below the best standards of The New York Times.

Census Time Again

It is time for the census again. In April, 1940, about 120,000 enumerators will start out to gather the facts for the sixteenth decennial inquiry into the American population. Earlier than that, beginning January 1, a much smaller number of 12,000 will have begun a comprehensive study of American business, trade, manufacturing, etc., designed to bring out large numbers of facts never gathered before. Agriculture will be investigated separately. The general census will also collect several important new types of data. It will, for example, study housing in the United States so that we may know under what conditions our people live —how many rooms per family, how old the house is, whether there are electricity, gas, water and other conveniences, whether the house is rented, owned or mortgaged. The citizen will be asked to tell how much formal education he has and where he lived five years ago so that we may know the facts about national and international migration. Everyone's status during a given week, whether publicly or privately employed or idle, will be noted. All this information will then

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be put on specially punched cards—last time it took a third of a billion of them—and tabulated. The results ought to be the most important group of facts about the American people ever assembled, and a valuable basis for future plans for the improvement of our economy.

Floating Hotel

When the United States Lines' "President Harding" was thrown on her beam ends by a hundred-foot wave in hurricane weather last month, the papers carried stories of the 120-odd injured and pictures of stretcher cases. They asked no embarrassing questions and assumed the thing to be an act of God—in which the United States Lines did not discourage them. The company, in fact, discovered that if there was any human fault it was that of the passengers, who had been warned to hold tight. But one of these came into the office the other day, with questions. How were the passengers warned? Why were pianos, tables, heavy chairs and radio consoles banging down the decks into tangled heaps of people? Why weren't there any serious injuries in the third class? Why was a Coast Guard cutter the first to radio news of the accident, and why was a news reporter who happened to be on board not permitted to radio an eye-witness account until it had been considerably edited?

Our man says that aside from a notice on the bulletin board, the first-class passengers had no warning; it was only the third class which was made to keep to the safety of its cabins. He says, moreover, that in spite of hurricane weather, the loose and potentially vicious furniture in the crowded public rooms was not lashed down. It is one thing for paying guests and shoregoing company officials to forget that a ship is not the Waldorf and that its captain should be free to keep even first-class passengers where it's good for them without being sent to the banana fleet when they squawk. The passengers ask for just what they get in such cases. But it is a little curious when ship's officers themselves fall into this habit of mind, and get so courteous about first-class feelings that they neglect seamanship and crack a lot of first-class heads in a seaway.

Torpedoes with Wings

A great many terrible new weapons have been announced in the daily press in the last few years, nearly all of which have disappeared after a little flutter of publicity. This fact engenders a healthy skepticism regarding additional announcements. Nevertheless, there will be much public interest in the report from the chief of staff of the American Television Institute, concerning a flying torpedo operated by radio with the aid of television. The inventor, who conducts the Institute with Dr. Lee De Forest, the "father of radio," describes his device as simply a radio-controlled bomb-carrying small airplane which has a television transmitter in its prow.

Control of airplanes by radio is an accomplished fact and the device is in use in several countries. Television is also an accomplished fact. Heretofore, the great weakness of a radio-controlled "flying torpedo" was that the man operating the control was too far away to see what was happening and make the necessary changes. If, however, a television screen at the home base—or in another airplane with people on board—can show the operator exactly what he would see if he were looking straight ahead from the flying torpedo, there is no reason why, theoretically at least, he should not be able to guide its movements accurately. Such a weapon would bring new peril to big battleships at sea and perhaps increase the effectiveness in the bombing of military objectives on land. A device of this sort would be roughly equivalent to an unlimited supply of suicide-squad aviators willing to be killed to increase the effectiveness of their attack.

News Notes of a Week

Any German merchant ships transferred to Russia in an attempt to defeat the blockade will be treated as enemy craft by the Allies, it was announced in Paris following Scandinavian reports that the "Bremen" and other German ships had been sold to Russia in exchange for war materials. . . . Widespread protests against the execution of Czech students who took part in demonstrations were met with drastic measures by the Nazis, who declared martial law and made hundreds of arrests in Prague. . . . Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop informed Belgian and Netherlands envoys that "after the brusque rejection of the peace move of the Belgian King and the Dutch Queen by the English and French governments the German government also considers the matter closed." . . . Three bomb explosions in blacked-out London were charged to terrorists of the Irish Republican Army.

The two-week strike of 5,000 New York longshoremen was called off after conciliation by the Department of Labor resulted in a "moral victory" for the International Longshoremen's Union. . . . To take care of 10,000 seamen thrown out of work by the embargo repeal, the WPA prepared to employ 5,000 on waterfront-improvement projects, while others were promised subsistence in the nautical-training schools operated by the Coast Guard. . . . A Brooklyn federation of Protestant churches condemned the Coughlin-inspired Christian Front for "spreading racial and religious prejudices," inciting violence and practising "inexcusable hypocrisy." The Greater New York Federation of Churches was said to be planning a similar announcement. . . . A visiting British poet told ship-news reporters that Unity Freeman-Mitford "is just crazy in love with Hitler" and that he (the poet) had told her she was "making an international ass of herself."

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Power Politics and People

IN HIS ARTICLE on page 158 of this issue, "Machiavelli in Moscow," Frederick L. Schuman offers essentially the same explanation of Soviet foreign policy that The New Republic outlined editorially two weeks ago. But there are also passages in the article that sound like a justification of unmitigated power politics *à la* Stalin, and a warning to liberals to serve their own cause by similar methods. These passages will not be accepted by most liberal-minded persons, no matter what kind of social and economic system they favor.

The cost, says Mr. Schuman, of the Soviet Union's recent victories, is "ideological consternation among comrades and sympathizers abroad. The cost is high. But the cost of inaction would have been higher. Ideas are weapons. During war, however, force speaks louder than words. . . ." "Power politics is beyond sentiment. The test of policy is success in the enhancement of power. . . . To insist that Moscow should not have played power politics is to forget that those who refuse to play become the victims of those who play." Liberals may condemn the use of force altogether, but they cannot object to the use of force in foreign affairs as long as they condone the violent revolution that occurred in Russia. The Soviet's foreign policy has nothing to do with the progress of socialism except to advance the military security of the Soviet state—this is Mr. Schuman's argument.

It may be argued that the Soviet government is not less sincere than other governments, but only more successful. But a great many people had expected it to be more candid than others. It loudly proclaims that it is. The world is spotted with success-worshipers, but most people, if they are to enjoy enduring loyalty to a cause, demand of it more than material success. Indeed, they sometimes show obstinate and misguided adherence to something that has little chance of succeeding. Rulers may be followers of Machiavelli, but ordinary people are not. They like to have something to believe in that is not raw power. This may be unrealistic morality and sentimental weakness on their part, but it is an objective fact. Even if one does not grant its intellectual validity, power policy has to reckon with it in the modern world.

Vincent Sheean's reaction to the shift in the Soviet Union's foreign policy was important, not because it was an accurate expression of what was in Stalin's mind or of what was going on in the Soviet Union, but because it was symptomatic of what millions of people are feeling. We venture to say that Mr. Sheean is a better mirror of the state of mind of the workers of the Western world on this point than is Mr. Schuman, with all his cynical logic. That state of mind is of tremendous importance. A Hitler or a Chamberlain would have been expected to think that he might well lose the confidence of the world's workers in order to gain the Baltic states. But many had supposed Stalin was playing a different and ultimately a shrewder game.

The fact is that for years the Comintern had bent all its energies to convincing the plain people of the world that Hitler was their worst enemy, and that they should join with anybody else—even with imperialist Britain and France—to defeat him. It had advocated support of the New Deal and of democratic forces in all other countries to stem the attack of domestic reactionaries. And the fact is that without warning it made friends with Hitler, turned its hostility against Hitler's enemies, and ditched the democratic movements. People with simplicity of mind resent the discovery that their burning convictions of yesterday were nothing but a necessity of Moscow's foreign policy. They may believe that the security of Russia is important to the future of their aspirations, but they also believe that it is necessary to repel the Nazi menace elsewhere. The overnight reversal is proof to them that Moscow was acting as a nationalist state rather than as leader of a world movement. Moscow's betrayal did not begin with its shift; it began with the insincere propaganda for collective security and the popular front. Such people will have difficulty in enthusiastically supporting Moscow's line in the future. In terms of bare power politics, that result is an injury to Moscow. And, if the Comintern still cares about world revolution, its leadership in that endeavor has suffered a mortal wound.

The lesson for liberals in this incident may be that they have something to learn from Machiavelli. But it is also that the successful exercise of power politics itself, if devoted to humanist purposes, requires a certain degree of intellectual candor and consistency in public as well as in private. The leadership of a popular movement must, on pain of defeat, retain the confidence of the people. To act like Bismarck or Napoleon may bring nothing more than a Bismarckian or a Napoleonic success. Though, in a given case, the end may justify the means, we still cannot conclude that the means adopted need not be appropriate to the end in view.

America and the Economic War

THE ECONOMIC UNION between Britain and France for war purposes is not only an aid to them, but will have important results in this country. According to first reports, they will pool their needs and their purchasing activities. A single economic command will decide what they jointly require from abroad, and a single agency will buy it. The goods obtained will be rationed to the two nations. Shipping will also be jointly controlled. Whether they will pursue a common export policy as well is not stated, but such a devolpment would be logical. The Allies are thus beginning in this matter where they left off at the end of the last war;

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if the great project can be successfully administered, it should add immeasurably to their chance of success.

What does it mean for us? A common purchasing agency, which will eliminate competitive bidding and unnecessary duplication of orders, should be a distinct aid to us in avoiding any possible inflation. It is as much to the interest of the people of this country as to that of the Allies that soaring prices, overbuilding of war industries and large war profits be avoided. The New Republic recommended unified Allied purchasing in our own interest when hostilities began. But if we are to gain the maximum possible benefit from this arrangement, we should have a corresponding agency on this side of the water. Such an agency would be desirable, not merely to take full advantage of the plan, but also to safeguard this nation against its dangers.

In the first place, we need advance study of the purchasing schedules of the Allies—both of the amounts to be spent in a given period and of the goods to be bought—in order to help in neutralizing any bad effects on our own economy. If the demands on a given series of industries are to be abnormally large, a number of problems may arise that will need action. Will the producers be placed in a monopoly situation through the excess of demand over supply, and will they as a result increase prices, to the detriment of domestic purchasers? Such a situation might be found, for instance, in steel or cement or lumber or other building materials, with bad results for our building industry and our housing program. Or would the demands on these industries bring about bottle-necks in our transportation or shortages of skilled labor? In that case we should need to direct the flow of capital to the threatened weak spots, or to start training unemployed workers to meet the demand. On the other hand, the purchasing program of the Allies might readily decrease customary export demands for other commodities, thus rendering advisable preparations for relief or other measures to make up for the slack.

Our whole economic program likewise must be laid down in view of the trade to be expected. Will the Allies increase their total buying here, so that our relief burden will temporarily be diminished and we shall have to worry mainly about damping down a war boom? In that case some rationing of their purchases would be advisable, in order to bring them down toward a normal peacetime quota. This could be done by control of their liquidation of securities in this market to obtain cash. Or, as is more likely, will they spend even less than usual, in an effort to husband their resources and make their cash last longer? In that case a program for internal recovery will be even more necessary than if there had been no war.

At present the indications are that Britain and France are not intending to spend here more than $1,500,000,000 a year, and that they intend to concentrate this amount largely on war essentials, such as planes, machinery, chemicals and oil. This means a drastic reduction in their usual purchases of grain, meat, fruit, tobacco and other agricultural products, as well as some manufactured goods. If anything like this is the case, we should cease expecting a war boom except in a few industries which are not large enough greatly to affect our economy as a whole, and should prepare carefully to deal with increased unemployment in the civilian industries and to stimulate production and consumption in a domestic, peacetime program.

Still another aspect of the matter needs attention. Doubtless the Allies will try to obtain all the dollar exchange they can by sale of their exports. It is to the advantage of consumers in this country that these exports not be sold at unreasonably high prices. A unified purchasing policy on our part would help us to deal with a unified selling policy on the part of the Allies. We are dependent on imported wool, rubber and other commodities that they have a large share in controlling. If our cost of living is to be kept down, reasonable arrangements must be made as to the quantity and price of such imports.

Perhaps we do not need a single economic control like theirs for foreign trade, although some experts in this country are recommending a governmental buying and selling agency to deal with them. But at any rate we do need coördinated planning of our commerce with the belligerents, and we need it as soon as possible. Large segments of a possible agency to do this job exist, especially in the Departments of Agriculture, State and Commerce. Steps have already been taken in some of these directions—such as to find a larger market for our agricultural exports, and to obtain enough rubber. Before the war is very old, we shall have to consider all the related problems, and consider their total effect.

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A Journal of Opinion

Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

JAMES BENÉT BRUCE BLIVEN JR. H. N. BRAILSFORD
HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK
E. C. LINDEMAN JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

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Hitler's Dilemma

EVEN THOUGH HITLER daily threatens invasion of one country or another and takes spectacular measures that are upsetting the peace of mind of the world, it is nevertheless apparent that he has been forced to consider the worst eventualities concerning Germany's future.

I am informed that during a conference with his generals on October 28 Hitler—after having lengthily discussed a possible invasion of Holland—had General Reichenau expound a new strategic plan to be utilized next spring in case the Führer judges that the Allied armies are too strong for a frontal attack in the West. Hitler seemed pleased as Reichenau declared that work on the second Siegfried Line would be finished by next May. By then Germany would have moved the chief Reich industries from the West to the Polish frontier. There would be nothing to prevent a strategic retreat to new positions, invulnerable for five years if necessary. The patience of the Allies could then be worn down and eventually they would accept peace on German terms—the glorification of Nazism and a Reichswehr more powerful than ever, to be recognized throughout the world as "the barrier against Bolshevism."

It was in his Munich speech on November 8 that Hitler first declared he was prepared for a defensive war lasting five years. On November 11, I understand that a violent discussion occurred between von Ribbentrop and the generals, who accused von Ribbentrop of preferring "diplomatic machinations" to taking straightforward military action against Holland and Belgium.

Hitler and von Ribbentrop then had a long conference after which it was learned in Nazi circles that von Ribbentrop had told Hitler that next spring Germany might be obliged to limit herself to a defensive war. He is reported to have added that by then the superiority of the Allies, due to lifting of the American embargo and the increased coöperation of the British dominions, might menace the German army with destruction, even in the Siegfried Line. Von Ribbentrop, who is never at a loss to propose new plans, presented one diametrically opposed to that of two weeks ago. He suggested a German diplomatic offensive in those countries where German influence is threatened by the Kremlin—that is to say, the Baltics, Scandinavia and the Balkans.

Von Ribbentrop has induced Hitler to spend untold sums on publicity in neutral countries. It was he who founded the famous new German publicity bureau which has paid as high as $2,500 a line for publicity in Scandinavian papers on condition that they should "slightly modify their attitude toward the international situation." This new propaganda bureau is also intended to function in Central Europe and the Balkans. Its capital is more than $20,000,000.

Von Ribbentrop, it is said, called Hitler's attention to the fact that Germany was losing allies, Russia was completely shirking her promises and that the Führer's surest ally might one day be the universal fear of Bolshevism.

Furthermore, von Ribbentrop maintained that England might become "reasonable" if Germany could ever point to the imminent bolshevization of Norway and Sweden, adding that England could maintain her world position only through an alliance with Germany and not by a war to resuscitate Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. In other words, von Ribbentrop persuaded Hitler to drop anti-Bolshevist propaganda in the northern countries and in certain other European states. He is reported to have said, "Let the Russian poison filter into as many countries as possible, so that if one day our forces should weaken in the west, we can turn to London and Paris and offer them our aid against the only real enemy in the world—Bolshevism."

Consequently, Hitler is now urging Stalin to crush Finland as he did Eastern Poland. It is a fact that all anti-Bolshevist propaganda has been suspended in Germany and Bolshevist propaganda is being encouraged in the democratic countries. German planes have dropped Communist leaflets over Paris and, in line with von Ribbentrop's plan, efforts are being made to intensify Bolshevist propaganda in France—for Germany's ultimate benefit.

Until a month ago nobody foresaw any such evolution in Hitler's policies. Yet its seems a logical corollary of his difficulty in establishing any definite plans of his own, whether political, diplomatic or economic. Undoubtedly the Führer will eventually be forced to take military action and it may begin by an attack on England by way of Holland. But it is certain that a man such as Hitler, forced to reckon with such eventualities as are described above, is already lost.

After having had various Central European countries for allies, plus Spain and Italy, and then having lost them all through the attempt to win over Moscow, the Reich is today reduced to anticipating the day when Russia will give her no material aid and only her Communist doctrines might be of some use. The Führer forgets just one thing—Bolshevism has never had a success except in an unhappy country and in Europe there is only one such: his own. The last ally on which he is counting will also fail him in the hour of defeat.

GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

Paris (by cable)

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Machiavelli in Moscow[1]

"Soviet policy," declared Winston Churchill on October 1, perhaps with tongue in cheek, "is a riddle wrapped in mystery inside an enigma." A month later Léon Blum opined that "the Russian mystery is growing more sinister and more formidable." Shrill cries of outrage coupled with bewildered guesses as to Soviet objectives have made the problem more puzzling. Official Soviet utterances have aggravated the confusion, for many of these verbalizations have purposes which are better served by concealing intentions than by revealing them. Yet most of the mystery fades if one applies Mr. Justice Holmes's dictum that "the vindication of the obvious is sometimes more important than the elucidation of the obscure."

Behind Moscow's formulas are ends of action which have been carefully formulated and consistently pursued. The USSR is a Great Power competing for power with other Great Powers. Its interests in the game of power, like those of its competitors, are fixed by the constant facts of geography and by the changing facts of the balance of power. What its leaders do in the arena of power politics is determined by their estimates of the factors which circumscribe their freedom of action and delimit their alternatives. The Kremlin's changing course has been completely logical if viewed as a series of answers to a problem of power.

Moscow's task after 1933 was to strengthen its internal and external defenses against the resurgent Reich. At home it was imperative to thwart Nazi tactics of "boring from within." Stalin learned lessons from the murders of Duca, Dollfuss and Barthou. In the Moscow trials and the purge of the Communist Party and the army, those who acted as agents of Berlin and Tokyo were brutally liquidated. Innocent dupes and dissenters died before firing squads. Others also died who were, in intent or in effect, members of a Fascist "fifth column." The doubts which this bloodshed raised among liberals were not shared by Hitler. He was convinced by the purge that the *Drang nach Osten* could not be realized beyond the Soviet borders through those techniques of disintegration which won such striking triumphs in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkans. The feverish militarization of the Soviet state, moreover, convinced him and his potential Japanese allies that a frontal military assault would be dangerous in the extreme, even if Britain and France gave their blessing. He shunned Rosenberg and heeded Ribbentrop. "Appeasement" in the West persuaded him, perhaps wrongly, that his path of least resistance lay not toward Moscow but toward Paris and London.

The Kremlin's external problem of defense was one of building barriers against Berlin and finding allies to encircle the Reich. Usable strategic barriers could be found only in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and the Baltic states. Allies could be found only in Britain and France. Hence Soviet entrance into the League in 1934, championship of an eastern Locarno, signature of military pacts with Paris and Prague in 1935 and support of collective security. Hence also the "People's Front" line to hinder Nazi efforts within Spain, France and other democratic states. These were means to ends. The ends were not "peace" and "democracy" as abstractions but defense of the USSR against threatened aggression.

The means adopted, however, failed to achieve the end desired. Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay wrecked the League and connived at Nazi rearmament. Warsaw embraced Hitler and vetoed an Eastern Locarno against Germany. Paris gave Czecho-Slovakia away to Der Führer rather than permit Moscow to join in her defense. The Western powers yielded Spain to their enemies. They reduced collective security and the People's Front alike to a farce—under the tragic delusion that Hitler could be trusted to turn against Russia if the West granted him mastery of *Mitteleuropa* and the Baltic. The "peace front" against the Fascist imperialisms was stabbed in the back not by Stalin or Litvinov but by Laval, Blum and Daladier and by Simon, Hoare and Chamberlain.

Power-holders who are at once rational and ruthless adopt new means when old means fail. Past formulas died at Munich and Barcelona. A possible future formula emerged after March of 1939, when London and Paris began to woo Moscow in belated realization that Hitler threatened them rather than the USSR. When the story of the Anglo-Soviet negotiations comes to be told, it will in all likelihood reveal Moscow playing a role determined exclusively by the strategic exigencies of a possible war with the Reich. Soviet strategists took the view that they could not assume obligations to fight Germany unless they had control of the bases required for effective military operations against Germany. The Allied peace-makers and interventionists of 1919 had supported the *cordon sanitaire* separating Germany and Russia. As a necessary condition of an alliance with the West, Moscow now asked for the possibility of using the border states for defense against the Reich. London and Paris refused. The diplomatic negotiations broke down in July over the question of guaranteeing the Baltic republics against "indirect aggression." The military negotiations broke down in August over the question of permitting the Red Army to operate in Poland. Moscow had already proposed to Helsinki the cession of the four small islands in the Gulf of Finland covering Kronstadt. The refusal of

[1] Comment on this article appears in the editorial section. — THE EDITORS

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Helsinki, Tallinn, Riga, Kovno, Warsaw and Bucharest to accept Soviet military protection was abetted by Britain and France. Without Soviet military protection, these states were at the mercy of Hitler. An alliance that is strategically unworkable is worse than no alliance at all. Stalin, Molotov and Voroshilov drew the necessary conclusions from Anglo-French refusal to meet their terms.

What followed was a work of diplomatic genius worthy of a Medici, a Richelieu or a Bismarck. To cripple one's enemy by embracing him instead of fighting him, to win objectives as a price of "friendship" which could otherwise be obtained only by the risk of conflict, was to achieve a victory so startling as to confound friends and foes alike. The simultaneous precipitation of hostilities between a dangerous neighbor and the neighbors of that neighbor ensured the success of the enterprise, since Hitler became the prisoner of the war he had unleashed. The hasty evacuation of Germans from the Baltic was at once the measure of Hitler's helplessness and the cream of Stalin's jest.

With Berlin's assent Moscow has now built the barriers against Berlin which Britain and France were unwilling to concede. The accords of September and October have given the USSR military control of the Baltic and of the borders of Prussia, Hungary and Rumania. Moscow has now found "allies" to encircle the Reich without assuming any obligations to fight beside them. Moscow has gained at a blow the strategic objectives it set for itself in 1933, at no cost beyond ideological consternation among comrades and sympathizers abroad. The cost is high. But the cost of inaction would have been higher. Ideas are weapons. During war, however, force speaks louder than words, and trickery often achieves victories for which force alone does not suffice. If war continues, the Soviet Union will continue to win victories, unless Germany defeats the Allies or the Allies defeat Germany. Moscow will do what it can to prevent either outcome. If a "compromise" peace is made, Britain and France will be compelled to seek Moscow's aid on Moscow's terms or face extinction. If all the belligerents are exhausted, world revolution will become practical politics. The Kremlin has outmaneuvered all its rivals in the game of power.

This result has nothing to do with "Thermidor," "Brumaire," "adventurism," "Bonapartism" or Nazi doctrines of *Lebensraum*. Diplomatic art and military science transcend ideologies and social systems. Soviet diplomacy, like the architecture of the Kremlin, rests upon precepts first tried and found true in the Italy of the Renaissance. The Kremlin's victories have nothing to do with the question whether Russia is a Fascist state or whether Stalin is a moral monster or whether communism is bankrupt. The USSR is a Great Power. Stalin is a practitioner of *Realpolitik*. Communism is a cause whose disciples must inevitably be concerned in the first instance with the defense of the Soviet Union. Under existing circumstances this happens to be neither an ideological nor a moral problem but a military one. The Kremlin has, thus far at least, solved it brilliantly.

The means are not pretty. *Realpolitik* seldom is. The ends are not noble. Power politics is beyond sentiment. The test of policy is success in the enhancement of power. To contend that Moscow should have adhered to earlier formulas which London and Paris had rendered sterile is to ignore the dangers of clinging to fictions. To argue that Moscow should practise Christian ethics in a world of brigands is to forget that Communists are not Christians. To insist that Moscow should not have played power politics is to forget that those who refuse to play become the victims of those who play. Force and fraud are never edifying even when the mailed fist is gloved and deception is camouflaged. Bolsheviks, however, have always been frank apostles of violence and deceit. Class war, social revolution, proletarian dictatorship are products of force. For liberals to condemn Bolshevik faith in force and to question the purposes to which Soviet power is put is to reaffirm the liberal gospel. Those purposes have been socialist purposes in eastern Poland. And purposes are in truth a matter of taste. But for liberals to condemn Bolsheviks for *Machtpolitik* in diplomacy while condoning other uses of force is absurd.

Those who seek clarity in the analysis of world politics owe it to themselves to face these realities. Whether Communist totalitarianism can ever evolve into a social order in which human freedom and individual dignity will again become practical values remains a moot question on which liberal skepticism is increasingly justified. Whether Communist economy can ever achieve prosperity for the Russian masses is equally a moot question. These questions, however, cannot be answered by reference to the ends and means of Soviet diplomacy. Foreign policy in this context is related to domestic policy at only one point: the military security of the USSR. Effective defense is a prerequisite of any possible progress toward liberty and plenty within the Soviet frontier. It is also a prerequisite of the maintenance of the Stalinist tyranny, if one prefers a different formula. In any case, military security has been ensured. Its attainment is not now a threat to the Western powers, as Churchill and Chamberlain fully recognize, nor is it likely to be in any visibly near future. It may on the contrary be a potential asset against the Nazi Reich. The Soviet diplomatic game, now as in the past, is dominated by the needs of defense against Berlin. If this be treason, Hitler must make the most of it.

Six years of blunders and betrayals on the part of democratic leaders have convinced Red Russia's rulers that the Western powers are doomed, that liberalism is bankrupt, that capitalism is mortgaged to the worms. Those who wish the Western way of life to survive the

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Fascist assault may shortly find it useful to persuade the Soviet dictatorship that these assumptions are in error. That task is not furthered by indignant denunciations of Moscow's strategy. That strategy is ethically indistinguishable from that of Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini and Daladier. It is merely more successful. If it is to be turned to the advantage of the West, liberals must redefine their own ends and means. And if their cause is to prevail they must run risks of also learning lessons from the Florentine who, four centuries ago, advised Lorenzo how to play power politics.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Automobiles of 1940

SALE of a million Chevrolet cars and trucks predicted. . . . Ford set to build 900,000 of '40 cars. . . . Shipment of Willys cars shows increase of 55 percent. . . . Gain in auto sales of 15-25 percent is seen for coming season.

So the headlines announce a prosperous war year for automobiles.

The "big three" fight it out for first place and continue to sell the majority of cars—55 percent in 1939. Of these, over 23 percent were Chevrolets, about 18 percent Fords and 14 percent Plymouths.

Early talk about lower prices has proved to be mostly talk. Prices on a few of the more expensive cars have gone down, but in general those of the lower-priced cars have gone up. And though in the future the consumer may get more comfort, more room, more accessories in the three "low-priced" cars, he probably won't get any significant reduction in price. In testifying before the Temporary National Economic Committee, Alfred P. Sloan, chairman of the board of General Motors, said that the price structure of his company is based on the theory of increasing the value of the automobile rather than decreasing the price. All evidence points to a similar policy on the part of Ford and Chrysler.

This policy, said Mr. Sloan, is followed even in times of depression. And, he might have added, despite the fact that cars could be sold at lower prices and still make substantial profits for their makers. In a recent report to Congress, the Federal Trade Commission disclosed that from 1927 to 1937 inclusive, General Motors averaged 35.5 percent profit and Chrysler 28.59 percent. Ford took a loss of .8 percent for the period; by 1937, the company had not recouped the losses of the depression years nor the heavy costs incurred for model changes in 1927 and 1928. The return to Hudson for the same eleven-year period averaged 9.4 percent, for Nash 36.9 percent, for Packard 21.25 percent and for Studebaker 6.13 percent.

As for what is new in 1940 cars, the most striking thing about this year's models is their similarity in appearance. Practically all makes now have low cooling grilles, although a few, including the Nash, La Salle and Packard, continue the high and narrow grilles as well. Some attempts at distinction have been made in rear-end styling and design of side panels, but the casual observer will have to rely on the name plates if he is to differentiate with certainty among the 1940 models.

Bodies on several makes are larger, longer, wider and lower. And as the bodies grow wider, running boards disappear entirely or become vestigial parts. Tunnels in the floor again appear as bodies move still closer to the ground. An effort to increase riding comfort in some models has been made by lengthening the wheel base and setting the engine forward. The latter change may, however, have an adverse effect on driving characteristics. Enhanced comfort on other makes has been obtained by softer springs which, incidentally, require the addition of stabilizers. Steering-column gear shifts have been almost universally adopted.

The hydraulic clutch, introduced by Chrysler last year, becomes a part of the Hydra-Matic drive offered as optional equipment on the 1940 Oldsmobile. Weak points in the earlier automatic transmission, so it is claimed, have been eliminated and the fluid coupling (hydraulic clutch) added. The hydraulic clutch eliminates the need for a series of slipping disc surfaces as a means for gradually applying the engine torque and substitutes oil as the power-transmitting medium. Just as one electric fan can drive an air current against a second fan and set it in motion, so in the liquid-coupled clutch the driving member, or centrifugal pump, forces oil through the second member, the centrifugal motor, and sets it in motion. At low speeds especially, this coupling takes hold smoothly and gradually. Rough starts are thus eliminated and the possibility of stalling the engine is reduced.

No clutch pedal is provided with Oldsmobiles equipped with the new transmission. Control is maintained through the accelerator, the brake and the steering-column lever. The steering-column lever may be shifted to one of four positions—neutral, high range, low range and reverse. Driving is done in high range, in which four speeds are available, and a centrifugal governor incorporated in the transmission selects the proper gear for each speed. The speed at which the various shifts occur is governed by the throttle position as well as by the centrifugal governor. As the throttle is opened, the gears shift at higher and higher speeds. In low range, the third and fourth gears are cut out and only the first and second are left in action. This al-

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lows the second gear to be used as a brake and makes it possible to drive above fifteen m.p.h. in second gear. When extra power and acceleration are needed with the car in high range, pressing the accelerator all the way down instantly changes the gear from fourth to third—a feature found in conventional overdrives.

A few words of caution about this "greatest automotive sensation," at $57 extra. Although at low idling speeds the hydraulic clutch does not transmit enough power to move the car on the level, any slight tramping on the throttle, a habit with some drivers, will start the car forward. And with a liquid coupling of this type there is always some slip—100 percent when starting—between the driver and the driven members and a consequent loss of energy. A hydraulic clutch admittedly means somewhat higher gasoline consumption. On the other hand, it is argued, there will be a corresponding reduction in wear and tear on the car in starting and stopping.

Good advice to prospective Oldsmobile buyers is not to buy the new Hydra-Matic drive this year unless your income is high enough to permit of the luxury of experimentation. By next year, the new drive will be "perfected." The year following, it will have been dropped or much more widely accepted.

Since the 1940 models provide few real mechanical innovations to ballyhoo, much is being made over the new sealed-beam head lamps, developed coöperatively by the manufacturers and almost universally adopted. Filament, lens and reflector are combined in a single unit in the lamp and when the filament burns out the whole unit must be replaced—at a cost of $1.35. No parking light is included; it must be provided for as a separate system.

The new light provides a "traffic beam" for use where there is *any* traffic, and a "country beam" for use *only where there is no approaching traffic.* This means that in and around metropolitan areas the country beam—which provides 50 percent more light than the lamps on previous cars—could not be used more than from 5 to 10 percent of the time. To allow for this increased illumination, the former limit of 50,000 candlepower was stepped up to 75,000 by the Uniform Vehicle Code. The traffic beam is low enough to avoid glare and directs sharp illumination to the right shoulder of the road.

Naturally, the powerful country beam illuminates the road more clearly and a longer distance ahead than the old-style lamps. But there is another side to the question. To provide light which is adequate for safe night driving yet not so bright as to blind the drivers of the oncoming cars has long been a major problem. Tricky reflectors and lenses used in the past have not solved that difficulty and unfortunately the new light offers no solution. Far too many drivers at present fail to switch from high to low beam in the face of oncoming traffic and no one has as yet indicated how they are to be either persuaded or forced in the interest of safety to regulate constantly the powerful light of the sealed-beam lamps. To the extent that drivers fail to do so, the new country beam may prove to be the most dangerous light yet used on cars.

Since the new lights require about 50 percent more current than those on last year's models, they add to the generator and battery load. The generator output in most cars has been stepped up, but with one or two exceptions, batteries have not been increased in size.

Last year General Motors introduced sunshine tops or sliding roofs for the first time in stock-model cars. They are available this year on certain models of the Oldsmobile, Buick, La Salle and Cadillac. To be satisfactory, a sliding top must be easy to operate and free from rattle whether open or closed. When closed, it must be rainproof and, for the sake of appearance, the sliding panel must be flush with the roof. The mechanism which accomplishes all this is necessarily complicated and in the past has not given complete satisfaction. Whether this year's sliding roofs will prove to be entirely satisfactory remains to be seen.

More and more lights flash on the instrument panel to warn the driver about more and more things. The 1939 Buick boasted a directional signaling system; this year three new systems make their appearance. The 1940 Buick system is unique in that the direction-signal lights snap off automatically at the completion of a turn; a front flashing signal in the parking light has also been added. Left and right pilot lights on the instrument panel flash when the corresponding directional signals are in operation.

The La Salle and Cadillac are equipped with a signaling system similar to Buick's but lack an automatic turn-off. Chevrolet, Oldsmobile and Pontiac offer modifications of this system, but combine a flashing signal with the stop-light signal. A signaling device operated by buttons located under the steering wheel is also offered on some Hudson models. Chrysler is going to give no one a chance to be absent-minded. In addition to the signal lights for the speedometer and headlight, the instrument board flashes a warning when the gasoline supply is low, the cooling water temperature too high, the oil pressure too low and the ammeter discharge too high.

On a few makes, particularly Chrysler-built models, weight has again been redistributed in an attempt to improve riding qualities. The rear seats of all Chrysler cars (Chrysler, Dodge, Plymouth and De Soto) have been moved forward of the rear axle about seven and one-half inches and the engine moved four inches ahead with respect to the front wheels. The wheel base has been lengthened. Windshields on the Plymouth have been increased in width and on all Chrysler makes the rear quarter-windows are larger. Engine horsepower on the Chrysler and De Soto models has been increased by eight and seven respectively. For those who want the

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comforts of home while driving in the winter, all Chrysler-built cars offer a twin-unit heating and cowl-ventilating system as optional equipment.

Ford's traditional reluctance to adopt special devices and features long used by his competitors seems to have vanished last year with his acceptance of hydraulic brakes. The 1940 Ford V-8, Mercury and Lincoln Zephyrs have "finger-tip" column-mounted shift levers, "all-weather" ventilating systems—that is, front-window swinging ventilator panes—and sealed-beam headlights. The cushions have "floating edges." The 85 h.p. cars have longer and more flexible transverse front springs with a torsion-bar stabilizer to improve riding and steering characteristics. To Ford must go credit for pioneering in the interest of better vision. The lead set a few years ago is followed up this season with a 500-square-inch increase in window area of the Lincoln Zephyr. The bottom of the windshield is one and five-eighths inches lower and the bottom line of the windows is lowered nearly two inches.

General Motors presents "Torpedo" bodies which represent an application of the box-section construction. The new bodies are stronger, roomier and lower and have greater rigidity but, on the other hand, they are heavier and offer poorer vision than some of the models they displace. The Buick Super and Roadmaster, the Oldsmobile and Pontiac Eights, the La Salle Special 52, and the Cadillac 62 are the models on which the new bodies are used. The horsepower of the Oldsmobile, La Salle and Pontiac engines is further increased —in the last-named car by increasing the compression ratio. Improvements in the steering-column gearshift on the Cadillac and La Salle make shifting easier. Chevrolet's vacuum-assisted shift has been modified and is now standard on all models. Hood locks which operate from under the dash are now provided on some cars, including Oldsmobile and Chevrolet.

Anyone who has attempted to change a tire with the type of bumper jack provided with late-model cars will hope for a wide adoption of Buick's new jack, which lifts the wheel directly. After it is raised to a certain point, a supporting unit is slipped under the axle behind the wheel and the jack can then be lifted away and the tire removed.

Noteworthy is Packard's concession to the new front-end styling. The V-shaped radiator grille is retained but is narrowed and low side grilles are added. Two new Packard models make their bow—the 160, which replaces the Super-eight and the 180, which replaces the Packard twelve. Both are driven by a completely new 160-horsepower L-head engine. The 12-cylinder engine has been discontinued.

The three popular "low-priced" cars of 1940 will not be more economical to operate than heretofore. Savings which might have resulted from improved engines, carburetors, etc., have been more than offset by greater weight, particularly in the case of the Chevrolet. For economy-minded buyers, however, there now exists a wide variety of sizes, styles and horsepowers in cars which offer "more miles per gallon."

The following table presents some interesting comparative data on the five economy cars now on the market. Prices and weights are for a four-door sedan or nearest equivalent:

	Price at factory	*No. of cylinders*	*Piston displacement (cu. in.)*	*Weight of car (lbs.)*
Ford 60 . . .	$685	8	136	2,696
Studebaker Champion	740	6	164.3	2,365
Willys	545	4	134.2	2,300
Bantam (2-door) .	549	4	50.14	1,261
Crosley (2-door) .	362	2	38.8	950

Gas consumption for these cars will be roughly proportional to the piston displacement and inversely proportional to the weight of the car. Despite mileage claims by manufacturers, one can expect mileages of about 22-25 for the Ford 60 and Studebaker Champion without overdrives. Crosley claims up to 60 miles per gallon; 45 will probably represent a good average.

Of this group, the Studebaker Champion represents, in the writer's opinion, one of the best compromises between economy and performance. Because weight is kept to a minimum, the small, economical six-cylinder engine provides good hill-climbing and accelerating ability. The Ford 60 has the same body as the 85-h.p. car, and so lacks the advantage of reduced weight.

Thanks to extensive public-safety campaigns, the first seven months of 1939 showed a four-percent reduction in traffic fatalities in comparison with 1938. But safety officials fear that the record may not be maintained if safety campaigns lose their effectiveness or car registrations increase materially. By bringing out lower and faster cars the manufacturers do much to nullify the safety programs they finance. The engineers of some of our biggest companies apparently disagree violently on this problem with their own designers. Mr. Henry Crane, technical assistant to the chairman, General Motors Corporation, points out that driver vision has been so curtailed as to make it impossible to take a car through traffic unless the driver continually moves his head from side to side and up and down to avoid blind spots. Even more sharply he condemns the trend toward lower bodies, lower driver seats and heavily sloped windshields and rear windows—changes which, in his opinion, have tended "to detract from the safety of the motor car as a road vehicle."

In the matter of design for safety, a competent automotive engineer's opinion is worth many times that disclosed by "customer research"—if indeed automobile owners ever made a demand for low, sleek "torpedo" bodies.

D. H. PALMER

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Britain in Wartime

THIS ENGLAND is a nightmare, like the early stages of a Wellsian fantasy. Everything is possible and nothing is likely. We leave off speculating; we live from day to day, surprised every morning that the change since yesterday is so slight. It is golden autumn; round me the only reminders of war are the strips of paper pasted criss-cross on the windows; the workmen building an air-raid shelter outside; and the balloons, hanging in the sky, like angel fish in a tropical sea, motionless, catching the light in a silver pattern. In a few hours it will be dark, dark as only countrymen have ever seen it in modern times; a few cars with dimmed lights, some foot passengers warily feeling their way with lighted cigarettes or torches to warn others of their presence; restaurants open if you can find their blackened windows; some films, tawdry variety shows and now one or two good plays for those who do not want to kill time, but prefer it alive.

"It is a perfect scream of a war," said a young woman the other day, and I understood what she meant. The tempo is so slow, so unexpected. The soldiers march off and we read in the papers that they are back again on the Flanders fields, which we thought already sufficiently fertilized with French and British blood. There are a few spectacular air battles, ships are sunk and rationing is soon expected. So much according to schedule. The unexpected quality of life arises from the common belief that war would begin with gigantic air raids over big towns. Some of us doubted whether Hitler would start at once with the bombing of civilians; he is a cautious and crafty enemy, who has never yet risked a boomerang throw. But that there would soon be raids on the docks and that that would mean huge civilian casualties seemed probable and presumably still is probable. In any case London and some other English cities are more vulnerable than any towns on the Continent, except those in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

So it was decided to disperse the population as much as possible. As a piece of administration, the evacuation was admirably done. Big houses and cottages alike opened their doors to refugees. A couple of million people, children with their school teachers, expectant mothers and women with children of under five years were spread over the countryside. It was a considerable job performed without a hitch. I was in the country that day and watched the interminable stream of buses, decanting their freightage of children, each carrying a gas mask, as they alighted, wide-eyed, to view this strange new world of cows and hens and thatched cottages. Many of them had never had a country holiday before. The beginning was fine. The villagers received them with open arms. But the authorities had thought only as far as evacuation and raids; they had not considered what would happen if there were no raids.

Take a concrete instance from my own village. Mr. Hodge is an agricultural laborer who earns about thirty shillings a week. He has a small modern cottage and a hard-working wife. At first she was as happy as a queen with the two little girls entrusted to her. After a few days she realized that they had no shoes suitable for country wear, that they had no change of underclothing, and that if she had to buy such things, the 8s. 6d. paid for their food would be quite inadequate. She spent a large part of the week's wages in buying them things and she was proud to do it. On the Sunday, the one day when she and her husband have a little time off, both the fathers and the mothers of the two little girls very naturally turned up to see their children. She provided them with lunch and they had tea in the garden and went off without thinking of payment. Mr. Hodge, who always slept on the sofa on Sunday afternoon, was driven out and came and sat in our garden instead. That was all very well for once; but a bus brought the parents out the next week-end and the week afterwards, and all the week's meat went at one meal, and the Hodges were given no more than a shilling or two to pay for their day's hospitality and were too proud to ask for more. There were no raids and so no obvious reason why Mrs. Hodge should keep the children instead of their parents. After all, they were earning their usual money, weren't they, in London, and she was keeping the children and it didn't seem fair like, and the war was to last for three years?

So doubts arose, and if they arose even when, as with us, the evacuated children happened to be clean and well behaved, what happened in places where hordes of slum children suddenly invaded the dour and spotless villages of the North? In some places the new friendship of town and country turned into something like open warfare. The children from the slums of Liverpool and Glasgow (the worst we have in Britain) revealed a state of affairs that shocked and surprised even people who had worked all their lives among the very poor. Evacuation had taken place during the holidays and, by a gross oversight, there had been no medical inspection such as takes place regularly at school in term time. The children brought vermin with them and in some cases an astonishing proportion had contagious complaints like ringworm and impetigo. There were hooligans among them who did a wonderful lot of damage. Most surprising was the very high percentage of children who were not reasonably house-trained. Cottagers complained that

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they could not afford to buy new mattresses. So violent was the trouble in some places that the evacuated children were soon back in their slums. In the meantime Britain has learned something about slum life.

I have referred here to the worst cases and also given a typical example. Of course things are settling down in very many districts now. Some of the children are drifting back to the towns, but so far, in London, the percentage is only about seven. Even so, an extraordinary new problem has arisen in the big towns. All the schools in London were closed down. The nights are black and some of the children run wild. Strange stories go around of the uses to which they put the air-raid shelters in the blackout, and of the harm that is being done to morals and discipline as well as to property. The authorities do not wish to reopen the schools; once they are reopened the children will flock back from the country. So London is going back to the days of the dame school, and teachers are organizing lessons in shifts in the houses of parents who have room.

If education is disorganized, so are the health services. In readiness for war all the London hospitals were cleared, and even now after nearly two months it is difficult for those who need urgent treatment to find a bed in the great empty hospitals, where the nurses sit round and wait and the surgeons kick their heels, longing for work. Only the other day one of the first surgeons in England, a man of national reputation, whispered as a great secret that he had disobeyed orders, and "sneaked out to do a Caesarian." Here again, unless there are big raids, things will have to return to a more normal routine, but in the minds of the authorities is the haunting fear that if the children come back and the hospitals are full of peacetime cases, just then Hitler may take it into his head to start bombing us all.

These difficulties are not due to incompetence, but to preparation for a kind of war that has not so far arrived. Far more disturbing are the revelations of muddle in great departments of state. The Service Departments, most of us hope and believe, are more intelligently run than they were in the early days of the last war. But this seems not to apply to the Ministry of Supply or, notoriously, to the Ministry of Information. Most of the brickbats so far have been concentrated on this vast new edifice in Bloomsbury. The 999 employees have become the stock war joke. Today they are rapidly being cut down. Whole departments are being axed without, so far as one can see, care being taken that it is the dead, and not the live wood that is cut out. Some departments of the Ministry have done much better work than the public knows, for the very good reason that their work has not been public; others have failed dismally, not because they are not competent or have not ideas, but because there has been no direction or drive from the top. Most of the absurdities have been the fault of the censorship and not of the Ministry of Information.

There is none of the war fever of 1914; no crusading spirit, no illusions about speedy victory; no pretense that war is anything but a crazy and horrible thing. But neither is there any lack of determination. If there is a chance of genuine peace, the response here will be immediate. But we are naturally a stubborn people. Having, with infinite reluctance, decided to resist Hitler, almost every man in the street will tell you that somehow we have got to hold on "until the blighter is stopped" or, to put it another way, until Europe is relieved of the threat of perpetual war. How that will be done, we do not know; whether it can be done by conference at some stage before the war becomes totalitarian and limitlessly destructive in character, as Mr. Lloyd George suggests, or whether it can only be done by a long defensive war, stubbornly contested till the blockade does its work, we cannot judge as yet. People hope for revolution in Germany; they are disturbed but not dismayed by the Soviet *volte-face*. They have not yet realized the vast social change that may be happening in Eastern Europe; no one can yet assess it or see the end of this strange and terrible chapter of history. All the ordinary British citizen is sure about is that we have to hold on and stand up to it until somehow the nightmare is ended and the time comes to wake up to a saner world.

Meanwhile, the British remain unmoved and tolerant. Pacifists, Communists and Fascists continue to harangue at street corners; there is still freedom of comment and criticism in the papers; an income tax of 37.5 percent is greeted with laughter and cheers in the House of Commons. Parliament has come to life again in wartime; it is critical, constructive and on the whole remarkably sensible. In spite of the reluctance of business to submit to the necessity of state control in war; in spite of the complete powers taken by the government to do anything and suppress every individual liberty in an emergency; in spite of the uniforms everywhere and the grumbling at discomfort and muddle—in spite of it all, Britain is more nearly a democracy than I have known her before. It proved impossible for democracy to remain at peace with totalitarianism; it is hard for a democracy to fight as a democracy against a totalitarian regime. But Britain managed it without the loss of her character, in the last war; we are trying to do it again and we may again succeed—provided the war does not last too long.

London (by air mail) KINGSLEY MARTIN

Poetaster

Hero of fantasies and catcher of chills,
Wants singleness of spirit above all else:
Happy alone in his bedroom counting his pulse.
O fortunate he whose mamma pays the bills!

THEODORE ROETHKE

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The Harvard Firing Line

HARVARD is once more in the news. Last June President Conant fired ten popular assistant professors, precipitating a general controversy. Conservative faculty members have joined with Teachers' Union stalwarts and the student body in condemning the dismissals. Three heated faculty meetings held on successive weeks—an unprecedented procedure—have scored the administration's action. A Student Committee to Save Harvard Education has led organizations ranging from Phi Beta Kappa to The Lampoon in protest. The row at Harvard is the biggest in years.

Since the depression, Harvard, in common with other endowed universities, has faced a financial problem. A falling interest rate has cut down income and halted expansion. Harvard can no longer advance the majority of its younger men to full professorships. If the university retains all its deserving men at the lower ranks of the faculty, it blocks opportunity to still younger men. On the other hand, if it fires the men, teaching standards suffer, since this age group provides most of the experienced instruction.

The faculty at Harvard may be divided into three age groups. At one end of the scale are the academic proletarians—graduate students working for their doctorates and teaching on the side. Known as assistants and instructors, they are inexperienced teachers. At the other extreme are the permanent members of the faculty—associate and full professors most of whose energies are devoted to graduate instruction and research. Between these two groups are the assistant professors and older instructors who provide the bulk of the experienced instruction. They are old enough to have won their spurs as teachers and still young enough to speak the language of the undergraduates. These are the men who are being squeezed.

The recent dismissals have crippled instruction at Harvard. In English, four out of six assistant professors are leaving. In Slavic, the loss of one man means the loss of three of the department's most important courses. It is the same in Biology and Government.

Nobody proposes that all "middle-group" men be given permanent positions. Nobody suggests that the university either block opportunity to younger men or live outside its budget. Rather, President Conant is criticized for unnecessary ruthlessness, for using the axe as the easiest solution to a complicated problem.

This inflexible and short-sighted policy is no new thing. Its first manifestation came two years ago, in the dismissal case of Walsh and Sweezy. As a result of widespread protest, President Conant appointed a faculty investigating committee. Its first report, issued last year, recommended the rehiring of Walsh and Sweezy. President Conant refused. A second report, dealing with the tenure status of younger faculty members, appeared last spring. The committee proposed, among other things, an eight-year limitation on temporary tenure, so that men would be released before their years of service at Harvard proved a liability rather than a boon. (The ten men fired in June had been here anywhere from ten to fourteen years.) The committee also recommended abolishing the rank of assistant professor, believing it possible that qualified assistant professors might be absorbed into the permanent rank of associate professor with no increase to the budget needed. Finally, the committee counseled moderation in effecting the new dispensation as the best means of reviving faith in the administration. When President Conant adopted the report on May 22, a new day had apparently dawned. But within a fortnight the ten men were fired. Nothing had changed.

President Conant's resistance to reform has been explained on the ground that he underrates the importance of college instruction. He is more interested in boosting the reputation of the Graduate School. While the plea of poverty allows him to fire younger men, he continues to pay fancy prices for academic luminaries from other universities.

The opposition forces are seeking the reinstatement of the ten assistant professors. They propose to advance the men to the permanent rank of associate professor. The administration has admitted that this would be possible under the present budget, but it has nevertheless raised strenuous objection. Its main point has been that demoralizing group distinctions would arise within the category of associate professor. In the past, every associate professor had the expectancy of an eventual full professorship. Now so many new associates would be created that some men would never advance beyond that rank. In reply, the opposition reiterates that the alternative to reinstatement means the sacrifice of educational standards. Recently, however, there has been evidence that President Conant may yield "in principle" to the proposed increase, while fighting tenaciously to prevent application of the principle to the ten men. Rehiring would indeed be unprecedented, but it would be a definite token of reform. Words are cheap.

Because of the autocratic control exercised by President Conant, departments have little voice in the administration of their affairs. They recommend who shall be promoted, but they don't control their own purse strings and so cannot equate the annual number of promotions and dismissals to their teaching load. President Conant has often slighted faculty opinion. He allowed no vote to be taken at the meetings held to discuss the tenure report; he kept the faculty in the dark about his intentions in applying it. He has publicly stated that a department's opinion has only a "consultative" value. True, such autocracy is by no means unique in American universities. But Harvard has pioneered in other fields. Let her also point the way to academic democracy.

IRWIN ROSS

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Shoot the Works

Between the Lines

ONE OF THE TROUBLES with premiers and others who lead the public is their inability to adjust their own lives to sound psychological practices during a time of crisis. Generally we are told that the great man reads a good detective story between battles. It does not sound like the best of fare for anybody in a position of responsibility. In the first place, with the exception of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," there are no good detective stories of full length. And if there were, they should not be recommended to those who have the responsibility over the destinies of many.

In their spare time the heads of nations should seek to discover life, not to evade it. All peace treaties seem to be made by men whose minds have been conditioned by fictional concepts. Whether their ideals were high or base, the mark of reality was not on them. And I believe this is even more true of dictators than of those who must subject themselves to certain checks and balances. The person in authority who comes to think of himself as a man of blood and iron ought to summon an organic chemist for a check-up every once and so often. He may find the filling is actually stuff and nonsense.

One of the tragedies of a controlled press is that even those who have the say as to the material which is printed eventually fool themselves. In time they come to be taken in by their own propaganda. Adolf Hitler is in the unfortunate position of having heard every single speech by Der Führer and having been carried away by the man's eloquence on each and every occasion. Napoleon Bonaparte came in time to be a complex and not a conqueror. He was the first to romanticize the figure of the Little Corporal.

And I have a notion that in somewhat different form the same thing is happening across the eastern border. Who knows what fissures lie under the so-called hard logic of Stalin? The adjective "inscrutable" has been tossed in his direction from so many quarters of late that this conception may come to his attention and possibly he is already a sucker for his own bill of goods. We tend to forget that, for weal or woe, all flesh is mortal and there is no deep dugout into which a head can crawl and remove himself entirely from the war of nerves. Dictators run risks even more dangerous than that of assassination. The jitters is a disease that can become epidemic and against it there is no kind of quarantine.

Commentators profess to read deep and probably sinister meanings into every phrase of Hitler's and every move of Stalin's. They neglect the possibility that even a dictator may lead from fright or ignorance. Take, for instance, the scolding speech of Molotov's which came just before the embargo vote in the House of Representatives. It is generally agreed by Washington reporters, and correctly I think, that the Soviet criticism of a potential American policy added votes to the Roosevelt side of the debate. Out of this fact a friend of mine spun a most elaborate theory.

"The voice of Molotov," he began, "was naturally the voice of Stalin." I had no disposition to disagree with that.

"Now whether you like the Soviet dictator or not," he continued, "you must admit that he knows his onions entire."

Although I admitted nothing, my friend went on, "It stands to reason that the last thing Stalin wants is an immediate peace. The party line in this respect is strictly camouflage. The self-interest of the Soviet Republics undoubtedly lies in having the Nazis and the Western democracies fight themselves to exhaustion in a long and bloody war so that finally Russia may move in with the same ease with which she participated in the partition of Poland. Lenin's dream of world revolution would be comparatively easy if all the adjacent nations had bled themselves groggy.

"But for this eventuality it is necessary that the balance of power be preserved along the battlefront. Stalin sits there with an eye-dropper keeping the red liquid in both goblets just as nearly equal as he can. If Germany seems to be getting too strong it is his turn to do or say something to encourage the Allies. He figured out that Hitler had an excellent chance to win a lightning war against England and France unless the Allies could replenish their air forces. He could not restore the balance with any contribution of Russian planes and pilots, because that would tip the balance too far against Hitler. And so he plumped hard for the lifting of the embargo by America."

"But," I objected, "the Communist line here in America and the speech of Molotov took exactly the opposite point of view. The Communists insisted that it would be a violation of neutrality for America to send war supplies even in foreign bottoms."

"That just goes to show how naïve you are," countered my friend. "Stalin works by direct and ricochet fire. He knows that the surest way for the Communists to get something they want in the United States is to pretend to be against it. And vice versa. Even the dumbest of local politicians in America has come to realize that an endorsement by the Communists is the kiss of death. When Molotov said 'Don't pass the embargo' he really meant 'Please do,' and that's the way his words worked out. A great many people say they can't understand Russian diplomacy. It's simple once you know the trick. Just hold the message up before a mirror and it will come out as clear as crystal."

Now all this is very ingenious but I am not convinced. Lenin guessed wrong about one world revolution and it is just as easy for Stalin to do likewise. When Molotov said that the United States should free Cuba I think he spoke as an ignorant man who knew nothing about the erasure of the Platt Amendment. I hold by my original theory that world leaders, like columnists, become so engrossed in proclaiming that they lose all reportorial sense. Since they have a lot to do with shaping the news (I refer now only to world leaders), they get completely out of touch with all tides except those which operate on their own beach. Canute is the symbol of the fortunate tragedy to which every despot is doomed. The dictator becomes so intent upon writing the headlines for The Daily Earth that he neglects to look up the weather reports in his spare time. Of course, this sermon could be done in two words. It could read simply, "Man proposes."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Mr. Ford's Free Beer

NINE SPOKESMEN for the United Auto Workers (CIO) make serious charges about the recent municipal election at Dearborn, Michigan. Intervention of the civil-liberties division of the Justice Department is now being asked. Dearborn is overshadowed by the Ford Company, and, according to the auto workers, it was the company itself that played the part of political boss.

The head man of the so-called Liberty Legion at Dearborn, formed two years ago among Ford workers to beat up UAW-CIO organizers, is Mr. Leo J. Schaefer, known to union men more commonly as Black Leo. Mr. Schaefer is a Dearborn Justice of the Peace. In this year's primaries, he ran third, and one of those who outdistanced him was the candidate of the local branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League, political arm of the CIO.

According to union informants, this show of strength by an LNPL man threw Mr. Harry Bennett, head of the Ford service men—*patois* for company police—into a lather of activity. A skilled political operator, on whom the Ford Company has previously depended, Mr. Vern Doonan, was brought to Dearborn; Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith, the wearer—literally—of Huey Long's old clothes and a Communist hunter, was retained for spell-binding.

The Ford service men were the Schaefer campaigners. Organized squads tore down anti-Schaefer posters as soon as they appeared. LNPL workers were threatened with beatings-up; their automobile windows smashed. In at least one case, a bribe was offered. The union spokesmen say the backbone of the Schaefer organization was the police, the brothel proprietors, the operators of Dearborn's policy game, the latter especially effective vote-gatherers. Reproductions of a cartoon showing Mr. Schaefer about to be devoured by a Bolshevik Russian bear were distributed "by the ton."

Along with these tactics went beer. Schaefer rallies were held nearly every evening, and nearly always in Dearborn's beer gardens and taverns. On election day, the beer gardens and taverns remained open, and there were music, free beer and—according to union allegations—free cash for Schaefer partisans. Husky squadsmen menaced the LNPL voters at the polls. It must have been like Tammany in the post-Civil War period. Mr. Ford is an antiquarian, has made great efforts to preserve Americana; he might bequeath himself, Dearborn and the Ford Company's labor policy to a museum.

Despite the efforts in his behalf, Mr. Schaefer won by only 420 votes. The Justice Department is understood to be uncertain whether it has authority to investigate a municipal election. Yet bad as political corruption is ordinarily, when it is an accompaniment of absolute economic power it becomes intolerable. Mr. Ford endangers the UAW-CIO industrial unionism and the very Yankee virtue he is supposed to represent.

Neutral diplomats here, I find, are much more disturbed by the Soviet Union's intrigues with Bulgaria than by its demands on Finland. The former, it is thought, may have far more serious consequences, and may—perhaps not until several months have elapsed—place the whole Balkans in danger of war. A Bulgarian delegation was in Moscow during the recent Russo-Turkish negotiations, although its presence was largely ignored. The legation of the USSR at Sofia is reported now to number about one hundred and twenty persons, one of the largest diplomatic missions ever known. For the first time since the 1917 Communist revolution, Russian newspapers are permitted to circulate throughout Bulgaria. Bulgarians have already begun to refer to Russia as the protector of the Balkan Slavs, as Grandfather Ivan.

For their several selfish reasons, Italy, Turkey, England and France are all trying to create a Balkan alliance. Its object would be to preserve the neutrality, and thereby the territorial integrity, of the Balkan states, immediately against an eastward push by Hitler. The Balkan countries, even Hungary, which is not strictly within the Balkan area, have agreed to enter such an alliance, all except Bulgaria. Experts here think that the key to her intransigence is the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union's ability to furnish her with munitions across the Black Sea. Bulgaria has answered that she will not join a Balkan bloc until part of the territories she lost in the 1912 and 1914-18 wars have been returned, especially the Dobruja, which now belongs to Rumania.

The Bulgarian demand leads to a series of paradoxes. Direct, secret word has reached Washington that the Rumanian government, in other circumstances, would be prepared to surrender the Dobruja, at least south of Constanta. It fears, however, that such seeming weakness would at once bring an attack on Transylvania by Hungary. In turn the Hungarian government is eager to facilitate Balkan peace; it mortally fears Nazi Germany. But, if it does not accept whatever opportunity presents itself to invade Transylvania, it will be in danger of being swept out of power by its own Hungarian Fascists. Thus, while the Rumanian government wishes to appease Bulgaria, and the Hungarian government wishes to reassure Rumania, probably neither can move.

Because of this situation, it is held here that the Soviet Union, in its semi-alliance with Bulgaria, has acquired an enormously important role in great-power politics. It can decide whether a Balkan alliance will or will not be formed. If Bulgaria and Hungary attack Rumania, it may very well lead to an extension of the war between the Allies and Germany to the Balkans, with Italy perhaps becoming an Allied belligerent. Should fighting break out, it is considered inevitable that the Soviet Union would seize the old Russian territory of Bessarabia. Immediately adjoining it lie the mouths of the Danube, and, if the Soviet Union should take this area as well—and certain experts here think that this is its secret aim—it will have acquired a strategic objective as important as any obtained by Tsar Peter.

A development of possible significance in the administration's long effort to bring about peace between the CIO and the AFL is the recent naming of Mr. "Big Bill" Hutcheson, head of the carpenters' union, in the housing indictments returned by a federal grand jury at St. Louis, Missouri. It was, of course, an incident in the campaign of

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Assistant Attorney General Arnold to break up price-fixing in the building industry, and was not planned for its effect on AFL policy. Nevertheless, Mr. Arnold's crusade, if it has success, must necessarily lead to changes in the leadership of the AFL building-trades unions, which constitute the chief source of opposition to the establishing of peace between the CIO and the AFL.

T. R. B.

Washington

Other People's Money

The Man Who Called Up the Devil

IT IS DIFFICULT to suppress a thrill of satisfaction at the news that Fritz Thyssen, the once powerful Ruhr steel baron, has turned up in Switzerland for "an indefinite stay." There has been a good deal of mystery about Herr Thyssen's whereabouts. At one time it was said he had fled to South America. Later it was said he was still in Germany, and still later that he had taken refuge in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and other Scandinavian shelters. But now that he is definitely out of his beloved Aryan Germany there is a kind of vindication of the law of eternal justice in his flight. For it was Thyssen who was one of the most ardent apostles of Aryanism in Germany. Now the blond giant who instigated and whipped up the expulsion of the Jews is out himself.

Thyssen looked with undisguised dismay at the antics of the Munich postcard painter when he began his weird career. He heard Hitler talking the language of socialism. And he hated socialism and communism. He was also a devout leader of German imperialism and of the dream of creating an integrated German state in the center of Europe which would include Austria, Poland, the Ukraine and parts of the Balkans. Furthermore, he was deeply interested in and perhaps implicated in the anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic movements.

Thyssen's anti-Semitism and his anti-Catholicism were not wholly philosophical in their origin. He was in a struggle for control of the steel industry and his chief rivals were the Jew Straus and the Catholic Otto Wolff.

As Thyssen listened to the loud rantings of the Nazi chieftain he began to detect in them strangely familiar notes—tones and overtones far less poisonous than he had supposed. There were the anti-Semitism and the potential anti-Catholicism which Thyssen approved. There was the blatant Aryanism which was the most plausible cloak for this movement. There was also the grandiose plan of aggression to the East. And there, to his great surprise, was very little of the socialism which Thyssen feared. He began to see in the fanatical evangelist of hatred and German regeneration the perfect instrument for the realization of his own dreams.

Moreover, the economic situation in Germany was desperate for Thyssen and his colleagues. The Donat bank had failed in 1931. In 1932, as we faced a complete collapse, Germany too was on the brink of a great economic disaster. The steel industry was in despair. The government of Brüning stepped in to save the Steel Trust and did so, just as we saved some of our banks. It bought at 90 steel shares which were quoted at 22 on the market. It was a means of pouring money into the industry. It saved it. But—and here was the rub—the Social Democrat government of Brüning controlled the Steel Trust. And the Catholic Otto Wolff was nearest to Brüning. Since the state controlled the Steel Trust, Thyssen needed to control the state.

At this point Thyssen called in about two hundred Ruhr industrialists and proposed that they back Hitler. They agreed, and from that point on these men financed the rise to power of the Führer.

From that moment the floodgates of hatred against the Jew and Catholic were unloosed in Germany. And from that moment Fritz Thyssen became the most powerful man in Germany. He was made State Councillor for western Germany—practically economic dictator. The three great banks of Germany were broken up and reorganized in a way to ensure domination by Thyssen.

A new corporation was formed. The state transferred to it the shares it held of the Steel Trust. And Thyssen and his allies were given 40 percent of the shares of this new company. The state got only 22 percent of the shares, although it owned half of the Steel Trust shares. Otto Wolff and his friends got but 9 percent. The Steel Trust was in Thyssen's hands. Wolff and Straus were effectually liquidated. The drive to extend the frontiers of Germany went forward and with it the vast program of armament, with its proposed immense expenditures in the products of the Steel Trust. Surely Herr Fritz Thyssen must have looked about him from his Castle Landesberg in the Ruhr and concluded that his work was good.

But this man had played with forces that were too strong for him to control. The small business men of Germany, along with the Ruhr barons, believed that the establishment of the corporate state with the control of Germany's economic life under the dominion of business, itself organized under the supervision of the government for that purpose, had achieved all their objectives. The wall had been set in place against the flood of communism from the East. Thyssen was economic dictator of Germany.

But things did not work out this way. The effort to control industry took its inevitable course. It called for more control. And this control did not stem the tide of depression. Employment was needed. This meant taxes, state loans, new and strange forms of state finance. All this called, not for the approach of the good life, but for more and more sacrifices. And this called for more control—political and economic. The little business men as well as the big ones found their "self-government in business" slipping out of their hands and into that of the dictator they had set up.

The Jews were driven out. The Catholics were silenced. But the very business men who had stirred up this commotion found themselves on the next wave of ejection. Their self-control was liquidated. The government moved in. The party members became dominant in business. And as the Nazi Party men and the government moved in, these wise gentlemen moved out. And now Thyssen, the great anti-Semite, is outside of Germany looking in.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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New Abundance

The Time of Your Life, by William Saroyan. The Booth Theatre, October 25, 1939.
Life with Father, adapted by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse from the book by Clarence Day. Empire Theatre, November 8, 1939.

ALMOST EVERYONE who likes "The Time of Your Life" will speak of its abundance and be sure that he is making an original remark. Original or not, the word is inevitable for this play, which has fullness rather than power, and has flexibility rather than force, but which carries all its varied content with gusto and a kind of open delight in itself.

In something like this sense Mr. Saroyan's play is poetic, far more so than some of the blank-verse efforts that help to give what is called poetic drama a black eye. He has created a plentiful life that pours up constantly; the mind behind the play is rich with curiosity, wide music, variety, an instinct for human color, a patter of human words, and a passion, almost gay, for half-tragic human experience. As Mr. Brooks Atkinson says in The New York Times, Mr. Saroyan uses "the stage for incantation and makes an affirmation about life that he does not specifically declare." The main setting, that barroom along the waterfront in San Francisco, helps to frame and carry all this, a place whose doors all the world may stream through, and whose soul, which is alcohol, has the Dionysian function of releasing the souls, memories, moods, passions of those that come there.

The rambling technical defects of Mr. Saroyan's play make good illustrations of the inexorable—you could very well call them biological—exactions of the theatre. The theatre has its distances, physical, mental and emotional, as we have, beyond which nothing can be truly seen or felt. The needs, too, of the actors parallel those of our bodies: just as, for instance, you cannot walk out of a room without legs, so the actor cannot get out of a scene without something contrived for him to get out on. Take the case of Miss Julie Haydon, for example. She has certainly a very genuine stage quality; she is, in sum, material in which a dramatist and a director might profitably work their creative wills. We may recall her performance in "Shadow and Substance," in which she wiped Sir Cedric Hardwicke clean off the slate, what with her intense and lovely conviction, her simple and quiet approach, and her dream and knowledge of the miracle. She was for that reason a shrewd choice for the role of "The Time of Your Life's" prostitute (ending in romantic terms) and she could undoubtedly contribute a great deal in kind to the play's character, mood and elusive complexity, if only her role were written.

There is also the role that Mr. Eddie Dowling has been provided with. It must be said that Mr. Dowling's performance does indeed follow after Milton and sit in the center and enjoy bright day, though sun and moon be in the flat sea sunk. But he is, nevertheless, asked to play a part that is not really written. The sun and moon in this case are questions perfectly natural, as well as dramatic: for example, what about this man with enough money to make the others ask his opinion, though as to where that money comes from nothing in the play makes clear, this man who can sit so still and register his study of life, though we know nothing of what the springs of his life are or the sources of that deep quietness and final judgment? In that role, notwithstanding, Mr. Dowling achieves some sort of innate tenderness, stillness, sentiment and accuracy that include not only technical skill but other elements as well that defy analysis.

To pick a much simpler element technically in "The Time of Your Life": this saloon of Nick's on Pacific Street is constantly stated in the play as a favored resort; we are to believe that there is no variety of human being or number of them that does not come here. But throughout the entire play, as Mr. Saroyan has written it, we are never presented for a moment with any frequented interval, any crowded scene, in the saloon, that might without effort convince us through our eyes of this essential point.

That practical instinct that is in artists will help Mr. Saroyan to study these matters and consider, with imagination, the laborious imagery and projection special to the stage. Meanwhile his play furnishes us with an illustration of the artist as distinguished from the craftsman—in any art. Which is to say that the basic, underlying, fecundating and generalizing principle of life is there in him, in his theatre writing; and that the transition to theatrical form is but partially achieved. But it is achieved sufficiently to carry a long way already. Moreover, it should be said—and this will mean very little except to professionals—that at this stage of the game it is a certain innocence in Mr. Saroyan, as to what is hackneyed theatre and what is not—this rushing in where the angel playwrights fear to tread—that sometimes lends the play its charming and lovable quality. On the other hand Mr. Saroyan might ask us who these angels are, and make us quite sick.

"Life with Father" has in its own fashion the same abundance as "The Time of Your Life." Thanks to human go and noise, passionate or easy conviction, conventions and remembrances, this play is filled to overflowing with riotous life. It invites an audience to laugh, to love, to watch life tangle and ease, mock, domesticate and sweeten itself as the years of a family go by. Mr. Crouse and Mr. Lindsay, the playwrights, have taken the book by the late Clarence Day and worked both a genuine and a clever thing out of it. We have an authentic, well bred and hilarious household picture, based on a vivid, tender and thundering temperament in the father, and in the mother the safe motif of the impractical female, struggling with the tradesmen's bills, and golden-haired and golden-hearted enough to carry this struggle into the heaven of loving indulgence; and to this are added the problems of young love and the servant question.

Mr. Howard Lindsay and Miss Dorothy Stickney give admirable, if somewhat too broad—or musical-comedy—performances; they will both very likely, after some weeks of playing, get things down in tone and closer to the social quality of the Day family.

The play needs something like a quarter of an hour's cut as to length; and the whole company needs to revamp its English as spoken, sometimes better, sometimes worse. Mr. Stewart Chaney settings are easily ahead of anything about the occasion except the script itself. STARK YOUNG

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The Bandwagon

"I TALKED WITH GOD" and as a result of that little talk with God some ten years ago, a strange Power came into my life. . . . The shackles of defeat which had bound me for years went a-shimmering—and now?—well—I own control of the largest circulating daily newspaper in my County, I own the largest office building in my City, I drive a beautiful limousine, I own my own home which has a lovely pipe organ in it. . . . You, too, may experience that strange Power which comes from talking with God, and when you do, this same God-Power is able to do for you what it did for me. . . . Would you like to know how you too may talk with God? Then write a letter or postcard to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 98, Moscow, Idaho, and full particulars of this strange Teaching will be sent you free of charge. – *Advertisement in The Sunday (New York) Mirror.*

The fact that there were no women on the jury that convicted Frank E. Konkowsky, former alderman of the 26th ward, and his one-time aid, Stephen Idzikowsky, of conspiracy to sell police department jobs, will be the principal ground for their appeal. – *News item in The Chicago Daily News.*

Tip Your Hat When You Kick a Lady

From London comes unofficial comment on the treaty of the Allies with Turkey which represents it as having started a train of negotiations . . . the purpose being to close sources of supply against both Russia and Germany, though the Allied diplomacy is still delicately courteous toward Russia, the semi-neutral. – *From The Wall Street Journal.*

Independence Is a Nasty Word Too

Senator George W. Norris "is one of the country's greatest traitors" because he has been "one of the prime movers in bringing about democracy in this country." – *Charles B. Hudson of Omaha in a speech reported in The Omaha World-Herald.*

You Can't Holler Down My Rain Barrel!

Nazi Troops Turn Sullen, End Overtures to the French. – *Headline in The New York Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Fence Around Poland

SIR: Your editorial "Misery Wholesale" [November 15] in a few words pictures the catastrophe that has befallen the Polish people. Relief is needed urgently. Some of it can come from the United States Government by a more humane administration of the immigration laws.

The Polish immigration quota is 6,525 persons annually. But by a wholly unwarranted system of red tape and interpretation there have been admitted only a fraction of this number. The following immigrants have been admitted in recent fiscal years:

1935	1,504
1936	869
1937	1,212
1938	2,403
1939	3,072

When from these figures are subtracted the emigrants, the figures become even more damaging to our Polish consuls. Not even in the fiscal year ended in July, 1939, were more than half of the permissible quota permitted to enter the country.

New York City BERNHARD OSTROLENK

A Prophecy That Didn't Work Out

SIR: I see by your paper that a correspondent felt "silly" at having been surprised by the Russo-German pact once he had read Professor Frederick L. Schuman's explanation of it [The New Republic, November 1]. He wonders if you don't feel silly too. You and who else?

Let me quote your correspondent the reasoned conclusion Professor Schuman arrived at in a feature article you printed May 31:

> The alternatives are two: Soviet entanglement in Chamberlain's trap or Soviet isolation. The latter will ensure Anglo-French defeat. Wars already decided before they are begun do not need to be fought. *Downing Street will again prefer to buy peace, this time at the expense of Poland.*

The italics are mine; the note of assurance is Professor Schuman's, and seems of the kind generally reserved to prophets. But when does prophecy begin, before or after? And what is history, the press releases handed out by the Soviet Union to keep professors looking at the little birdie while the real work goes on? (Litvinov's "resignation" was nothing to Professor Schuman, though plenty to the shape of Europe; and it happened before this analysis of the present and future of Europe was brought down off the mountain.)

Tell your uneasy correspondents to relax: the trouble with gazing too open-eyed at the man who measures his words every morning is that you don't see him eating them for supper.

New York City LUKE HAVERSEY

Mr. Gannett and the Doctors

SIR: In the issue of The New Republic dated October 25, you printed an article by a writer named Swados, "Gannett Woos the Doctors," attacking Mr. Gannett and the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government, of which he is chairman, making charges against Dr. E. A. Rumely of that committee and criticizing the committee for opposing (a) the so-called Wagner Health Bill providing for socialized medicine, and (b) the supreme-court and the executive-reorganization bills.

In the same issue I find, in a letter from a reader, the admirable statement that, in times like these, the value of a man's

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(controversial) writing depends "upon the degree of objectivity he is able to employ." It is because the Swados article not merely lacks objectivity but contains reckless and misleading statements that I take the liberty of writing you in the belief that you will welcome as well as print this correction.

1. The attack on Dr. Rumely is found in your writer's description of a meeting of physicians called to consider plans to organize opposition to the Wagner Health Bill:

> The bombshell of the meeting was a short, quiet speech by Dr. Bernard Denzer, who told his colleagues what every newspaperman knows about Gannett's right-hand man, Dr. Edward A. Rumely. Imprisoned for German propaganda activities during the war, he turned up in 1933 as executive secretary of the Committee for the Nation, an inflationary group which sponsored Father Coughlin and fed Hearst with editorials for two years. In 1934 there were rumors about his friendly relations with Nazi chieftains.

What Mr. Denzer said, I do not know. But the facts which the editors of The New Republic might have learned had they made inquiry before publishing a silly libel, are these:

(a) Dr. Rumely was never charged with, convicted of, or imprisoned for German propaganda activities, either before, during or after the war. In the hysteria which swept America as well as England after the war, he was convicted under the Trading with the Enemy Act of having concealed German ownership of a block of stock of The New York Evening Mail, of which he was editor, which stock had been pledged as security for a note issued in 1915 to an American citizen of German descent.

After the trial ten of the eleven living jurors stated over their signatures that they would never have brought in a verdict of guilty if important evidence showing the true facts had reached them. And, acting upon the petition of these jurymen, and in order to right a gross miscarriage of justice, the President of the United States promptly sent Dr. Rumely a full pardon.

From the beginning of the World War in 1914, The Mail waged a vigorous campaign for preparedness, and was used as a medium of expression by ex-President Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood. Colonel Roosevelt, one of Dr. Rumely's closest friends, spent some of the last days of his life preparing the testimony which he volunteered to give in Dr. Rumely's defense, but died before the trial began. The Mail's editorial policy, both before and after our entry into the war, was as staunchly pro-American as that of any newspaper.

(b) The Committee for the Nation, of which Dr. Rumely was secretary in 1933, did not feed Hearst with editorials, unless the fact that its releases (not editorials) went to the Hearst as well as other newspapers may be so construed. Two individual members of the Committee for the Nation helped finance a meeting at the Hippodrome, where Father Coughlin was the principal speaker, and Mr. Henry Morgenthau Sr., father of the present Secretary of the Treasury, presided by arrangement of President Roosevelt's secretary. Father Coughlin was then an ardent supporter of Mr. Roosevelt and his gold-revaluation policy, and a welcome guest at the White House.

(c) I would like to repeat and call attention to the last sentence in the part of the Swados article which I have just quoted:

> In 1934 there were rumors about his [Dr. Rumely's] friendly relations with Nazi chieftains.

Not another word appears in the article to explain this shameful insinuation. I knew Herbert Croly well, the true liberal who founded The New Republic and guarded its reputation for fairness and honesty as long as he lived. And I can imagine how he would feel could he witness the descent into journalistic slime which the publication of that sentence implies.

I doubt that there is a man on The New Republic's staff who hates Nazism and all it stands for more than does Dr. Rumely. And I believe that few men in this country have worked more sincerely, effectively and unselfishly to check the spread of the cruel and destructive philosophy which Nazism and communism equally share.

After making every allowance for the intolerance of latter-day so-called liberalism, and its frequent borrowings from Communist and Nazi ethics, it seems relevant to ask: Has The New Republic, which until a comparatively recent date was treating the blood-soaked despotism of Russia as a fascinating sociological experiment, come to the conclusion that it is liberal to libel, and "bourgeois" to tell the truth?

2. Your article takes issue with Mr. Gannett for opposing the Wagner Health Bill. It seems to regard his unwillingness to see America's health service slipped into the vest pocket of our federal bureaucracy as a sort of tory conspiracy. It states:

> Frank Gannett has never lost sleep over the problems of physicians or the distribution of medical care. He is merely trying to bait disaffected professional groups into his "great middle-class bloc" against the New Deal. . . . All Gannett worries about is taxation and "government repression." Nowhere in his propaganda is there any discussion of the nation's health, or any program of medical care for the needy one-third.

If the writer of the article had taken the trouble to read the speeches of such men as Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd, former president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Haven Emerson, public-health expert at Columbia University, or of Mr. Gannett and other speakers and writers opposing the Wagner Health Bill, he would have found full and, I think, fair discussions of the problems of medicine and of medical care for the poor. He would likewise have learned that, though medical service in America is far from what it should and can become, it is, from the point of view of caring for poor people, more efficient and more progressive than that of any other country.

3. The article states that, if the Wagner Bill were passed, the total annual federal and state appropriations "would reach a peak of $850,000,000 at the end of ten years." It fails, however, to state that the bill provides that, after the third year, there shall be appropriated and spent annually, under direction of federal appointees of the President, whatever sums may be deemed necessary to carry out the purposes of the act. This provision recurs in every one of the act's four titles setting up health services in the several states.

The purely political possibilities of an arrangement that permits appointees of the party in power to allot or withhold unlimited sums of money, here and there, as political considerations may dictate, deserve your attention. And so does the fact that the bill authorizes an unlimited expansion of job patronage, since it empowers the President's appointees to engage as many new employees as they may see fit.

Passing over the administration's alluring promise to improve medical care of the poor by throwing it into politics, I think it is impossible for a fair-minded person to read the text of the Wagner Health Bill without realizing that its underlying motive is political rather than medical.

Indeed, if its main object were to set up better health services in the states, why was control of the proposed system, with its enormous opportunities for money and job patronage, vested in federal appointees whom the President may discharge, without cause, at any moment? Why was it not lodged in a non-partisan board of men and women of high standing in each state, composed, we will say, of members of boards of health, boards of state regents and other persons of proved scientific or executive attainment?

Let us not forget that, under this bill, the various services to be set up in the several states may be reorganized, curtailed, or wholly abolished by the President, through his authority to

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stop or cut appropriations at any time, even after a state has spent millions in creating these services. What independence, what freedom of administration, of expenditure, or appointment, would a state medical organization have under this bill?

4. The New Republic article treats as suspicious, if not antisocial, the efforts of Mr. Gannett and a committee of physicians of high standing to rouse the medical profession to the danger of putting medicine, surgery, health, hospital, training and research services under control of a political bureaucracy. Is it wrong for physicians to organize against the passage of a measure they think unwise, but right for labor groups, or farmers? And do we find much in the federal management of relief—in its allocation of funds and allotment of jobs—that would justify handing over medicine to a bureaucracy that has shown itself as partisan as it is ineffectual?

5. The article pays its compliments to the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government for fighting the court and reorganization bills. It refers to it as "the same outfit that spent more than $300,000 to defeat the court plan and first reorganization bill." This is true. But it seems proper to point out that, if the court bill had passed, the President could by this time have increased its membership to fifteen justices, with a nine-to-six majority representing his own views on economic and political questions.

As to the reorganization bill. Even in the reduced form in which it was debated and defeated in Congress, it would have given Mr. Roosevelt enormous and, I think, dangerous powers. But the original bill, which outlined Mr. Roosevelt's real intention—for it was drafted in consultation with him by three men whom he chose for the purpose—was a far more radical measure.

It permitted the President to destroy much of the legislative power of Congress by abolishing each and every executive agency set up by Congress to carry out its laws. It even authorized him to change the name and functions of the presidency itself or, if need be, to abolish it altogether. (See Titles I and V of the original White House draft of the Reorganization Bill dated February 16, 1937. The same provision also appears in the revised draft of February 22, 1937.)

Opposition to measures like these should not be ununderstandable to any editor, radical, conservative or in between. And I submit that dragging from the past, in order to discredit such opposition, a charge disproved and laid away a quarter of a century ago, does not serve to clarify the issue. Such a procedure might be expected from The New Masses, but not from The New Republic.

In closing, may I say that I would be glad to debate with you, either in the columns of The New Republic or on any forum, the issues raised by the Wagner Health Bill, it being agreed in advance that, in the course of the argument, you will not delve into my life and reveal that I was a confirmed tory at the age of six, a red baiter at seven, a pro-German at eight, and that at nine I canceled my subscription to The New Republic, killed my maiden aunt and hid her body in a trunk.

New York City AMOS PINCHOT

SIR: The greater part of this long letter by Amos Pinchot (I won't stoop to his own semantic device by calling him "a man named Pinchot") is devoted to reiterating that he disagrees with me about the Wagner Bill, and with The New Republic about various matters. Since it is well known that Mr. Pinchot is one of Frank Gannett's enthusiastic lieutenants, this hardly seems worth debating.

The past record of Dr. Rumely is a legitimate subject of public interest since it bears upon the question of good faith in advocating or opposing legislation. Mr. Pinchot's correction of me on Dr. Rumely is a mere quibble. Rumely was brought to trial in 1918 on charges of having concealed the fact that money used to purchase The New York Evening Mail in 1915 came directly from the German Imperial Government. The pro-German policy of the old Mail during the years preceding our entry into the war will be obvious to anyone who cares to look at the files.

In regard to the rumors of Rumely's Nazi friends: Dr. Denzer (whom Mr. Pinchot demotes to "Mr." Denzer) said in his speech before the New York County Medical Society that in 1934 Rumely was reported to have given letters to Viola Ilma (organizer of an abortive American youth movement, Nazi style) introducing her to "Putzi" Hanfstaengel, Baron von Schmidt-Pauli and other Nazi bigwigs. I can find no record that Rumely has ever publicly expressed himself in opposition to Nazism, or that he has ever been associated with any organization opposed to Nazism or anti-Semitism.

As for the arguments of Drs. Heyd and Emerson, it is surely not news that plenty of well known physicians are opposed to socialized medicine.

Mr. Pinchot's criticism of the Wagner Bill has been answered in several articles published in The New Republic during the last year or two, and I do not feel that the points need repetition here.

New York City FELICE SWADOS

Is the Press "Totalitarian"?

SIR: A misunderstanding has grown up about my article, "The Future of American Journalism" [The New Republic, November 8], that I am compelled to clear up. In the process of editing the article, shortening the first paragraphs caused a change of sense of such character that it gave an inaccurate impression of my views of the press, and attributed to me beliefs I do not hold.

In writing about the way the newspapers reacted to the war, I spoke of William Allen White's editorial at the time war broke out. It was my intention to pay a tribute to this piece of writing, both for its freshness and its independence. I added: "You had to read a dozen stock editorials on war to see how good it was."

This was inadvertently changed to: "You had to read a dozen stock editorials on war to see how totalitarian the press has become."

The American press is not totalitarian, has never been, and never will be.

In speaking of the uniformity of the press, I remarked on the achievement of the press in establishing "unification without coercion." By that I meant that the press is unified in regard to its essential function: the gathering and distributing of news. The deletion of these words contributed to the impression that I meant this in a political sense—contributed, in short, to the impression that I believe the press to be totalitarian.

The point of view of my article was the exact opposite of this. I believe that the American press is a magnificent instrument, unified and responsive on a technical level, with room for infinite shadings and variations, and with limitless possibilities, which are, however, threatened by its lack of a clear program compatible with its strength.

One result of this misunderstanding is that the article was misquoted by the editor of The Guild Reporter, advocating a program which I believe would injure the Newspaper Guild. This being a Guild matter, there need be no discussion of it here, except to make clear the difference between the edited copy and my original, so that the present editor of The Guild Reporter cannot quote me in defense of his policy.

New York City ROBERT CANTWELL

[Mr. Cantwell's excellent article for our anniversary number came in two weeks late, after most of the number had already gone to press. It was longer by a whole New Republic page than the space that had been reserved for it. Since Mr. Cantwell was

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leaving the city on a business trip, he charged us with the whole responsibility of cutting, editing and proofreading his manuscript. We did the job as carefully as was possible with the linotypers howling in our ears for final copy. The change of meaning of which he properly complains was partly due to an ambiguous construction in the manuscript. Apologies to Mr. C.—but let this be a warning to all writers who get their copy in too late and too long. – THE EDITORS]

The Mind of Huxley

SIR: In your issue of November 1 there is a subtle, fascinating analysis of the mind of Aldous Huxley in the light of Mr. Huxley's literary productions. Such an analysis of any mind in the same light would have been impossible when The New Republic was born, twenty-five years ago. The reason is that the kind of knowledge which powered Mr. Daiches—the author of the analysis in question—then existed only nebulously in the minds of a few pioneering psychologists. Today that knowledge, like the Campbells marching under forced draft to save Lucknow, is hurrying to the rescue of democracy.

Palo Alto, Calif. ROBERT ELDER

Sweet Sixteen

SIR: If those pictures on the cover of your really impressive anniversary number, "The Promise of American Life" (November 8), are printed in good faith, I can warn you the Promise is going to bounce. You are betrayed by your photographer—is it too late to stop the presses? Impostors are identified as follows:

Over Name of	*Name of Impostor*
MacLeish	Charles Butterworth (at liberty).
Soule	Water-soaked object taken from "Squalus" (but late).
Cowley	Wallace Beery, acting (line: "Why you know kind old Long John wouldn't hurt pore Ned.")
Hillman	Archibald MacLeish, composing: "When in the plangent dust the fall of Cities Service, pfd., Ah City! Ah Pfd.!"
Chase	Caligari.
Basso	Caligari in Court House Square but store clothes (ten years later).
Bliven	The Country Mouse (no, I *won't* come out of this hole and play and you can't hit a man with glasses).
Chamberlain	Best Dancer ('40).
Earle	Most Likely to Succeed ('04).
Wallace	Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.
Kilpatrick	An Irish Dramatist, possibly Lady Gregory.
Mumford	Herpicide Highbrow, Before Taking (but cameramen must Act!)
Cantwell	The Country Mouse at Home (in the library, at Luce ends).
Beard	My Old Man at the start of a joke, unfortunately started by me. Bliven might be my old man as the joke progresses, and Basso a little farther on, though this is out of the question as neither scares me. My old man at the gag line is not on the supplement cover, I'm glad to note.
Mann	You want to make something out of it?
Lovett	Eh? No. No, can't say that I do, definitively.

New York City WADSWORTH MULROONEY

From The New Republic Mail Bag

People are still proving things about the "Athenia," and the best story so far comes direct from Germany (the copy we have was mailed from Berlin to a Bronx hand laundry). The brochure gives in detail the testimony of a Mr. Gustav Anderson, supposedly printed in the U. S. press, to the effect that the ship carried guns and ammunition and these were to be mounted and used as soon as she had cleared cargo in Halifax. Mr. Anderson is then quoted as saying that three British destroyers sank her after the prearranged explosion—no doubt in order that she should not become a danger to the British side once her armament was effected. Sitting in the dining room and ordering his dessert, the leaflet's Mr. Anderson reports hearing an explosion on the port side, "apparently in the engine room" (a very nice ear there), and going immediately to his cabin, occasionally lighting matches to see his way through the smoke (a very nice eye there). When he got topside, the leaflet goes on, he didn't see the periscope of any submarine, though whether he was still lighting matches is not stated. The three British destroyers bombarding the "Athenia" did not pick up the survivors, but left them as witnesses to the bombardment until a resuce ship arrived.

This informative item brings up some correspondence we have had concerning an editorial of ours, "Goebbels Confesses" (November 1). William S. Quibley of East Orange goes into all the angles of the case and concludes (though as "an admirer") that Mr. Editor should "lay off Goebbels for a while. The evidence is far from conclusive." And Gilbert Guillaume writes from CCNY to express loss of confidence in us, and to claim we whitewashed Winston Churchill. At present, the Goebbels propaganda release, right or wrong, lays whitewash on Mr. Churchill thicker and faster than we would ever have the time and space for.

The Third Class Mailbox. – The anti-poetry editor has again hopped upon a piece of Americana (submitted by Marcy H. Cowan of Brooklyn) and will not let go. Exhibit A below is a transcription of the University of Chicago Round Table on the air. Exhibit B, not to be confused with any living person, is the work of our anti-poetry editor, who is not a very even-tempered man.

SQUARING THE ROUND TABLE

Exhibit A

Mr. Laves: The Balkans are not going to be able to provide Germany with very substantial raw-material resources at this immediate moment.

Mr. Staley: I think that is right. The Balkans haven't very great surpluses even in foodstuffs.

Mr. Drucker: I agree with you. I think the Balkans are overrated as sources of supply.

Mr. Staley: Of course, Rumania has oil resources.

Mr. Laves: I think Italy is going to be neutral or belligerent.

Exhibit B

Sing a song of sapience
Figures never lie
Four and twenty
In entent-y
Round a table
Calculable
By the use of pi.
When the pi is r^2
The birds go on the air:
Now what is this and what is that
The odds are lean and also fat
The evidence says plainly that
We're here because we're there.

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Books in Review

Taft in His Times

When Taft, in 1909, took the place of Roosevelt I as President, the change, according to a famous remark of Elihu Root's, was like that from an automobile to a horse-cab. Though faced with this serious handicap, Henry Pringle, who earlier wrote a sparkling biography of the fast-moving Theodore, says and does his best for the most corpulent of all our Presidents.[1] His longish "family biography" is, on the whole, brightly written; it is packed with historical source material of varied interest; its attitude toward the hero is a mixture of decent sympathy and pained critical disapproval.

The mass of unpublished Taft papers, now opened to us, does not compel drastic revisions in our former judgment of the period and characters spanned by his long public life; it is rather the shading that is altered in certain respects. Taft, of course, was not a "bad" President, as the enraged Bull Moosers chanted in 1912; intellectually he was above the average of the mediocre lot that had been systematically chosen for the office. His political activities (like those of Theodore Roosevelt) were deeply connected with the movement among the more responsible bourgeois, toward the end of the last century, which, while strongly anti-labor and anti-populist, sought to introduce talent and wealth, honesty and Good Government into our long scandalous public life. Taft was not more "conservative" than Roosevelt; the contrast, as Pringle clearly shows, lay in the tactics chosen by each to "save the capitalists from themselves." The Rough Rider knew how to use the rhetorical garments of Bryan, while working behind the scenes with the old party bosses and financial magnates. Taft worked *openly* with the conservative elements, toward the same ends: to bring about certain long needed reforms the better to preserve the *ancien régime*.

It was a difficult middle course to steer; the times had grown dark with depression, discontent and long gathering political revolt; the masses of people had moved on beyond the Rooseveltian "line" of 1902. Taft, who had almost never run in an election or jostled with the lower ranks, is pictured as impolitic, tactless and sometimes lazy. He managed both to outrage the progressives and to displease J. P. Morgan, but redeemed his own soul, in the end, by avowing himself a pure and lonely conservative.

The stormy movement of political insurgence in 1909-12, which engulfed Taft, has not been pictured by the biographer fully enough in all its implications and consequences for his hero. Thus, he is highly restricted in his handling of the sensational Ballinger-Pinchot controversy over conservation policies—the *affaire Dreyfus* of the Taft regime—which was directly linked with the fight of the Western politicians against the Payne-Aldrich tariff and against the despotic party machine in Congress. Pringle follows almost exclusively Taft's and Attorney General Wickersham's view of the Ballinger-Pinchot case. Louis D. Brandeis, the famous "people's attorney" of the time, who rather unfeelingly prosecuted, humiliated and crushed the Taft administration by his exposures of its dissimulations, had another story to tell in 1910. It has been retold lately in Alfred Lief's "Brandeis."

Why Theodore Roosevelt, in unwilling retirement, bolted the Republican Party in 1912, and deliberately brought about its defeat, is an old problem for historians. One guesses that, watching Taft's blunders, he was convinced that he alone, in those stormy times, knew how to place himself at the head of a rabble and march them successfully up hill and down again.

Taft's real happiness came in 1921, when Harding appointed him Chief Justice; he had always believed himself a jurist rather than a politician. The study of his decade of rulership over our highest court, in the light of recent controversies, is of immense interest to all those who have longed to know the "judicial mind" in carpet-slippers. Pringle's later chapters close his book in splendid style, with a portrait of a mellow old man, worthy of Dickens.

Taft initiated noteworthy improvements in the administration of our slow-moving federal courts, and did much to have honest, able judges appointed to the lower courts, rather than politicians' favorites. He believed religiously in the Constitution and the Court; by keeping the Court on high ground, conducting it with dignity and distinction, he felt that he was saving us all from the Bolsheviki, and raising a great defense bulwark for the conservative elements of the country, who were to him always "the business interests." He was devoutly, and sometimes even slyly, anti-labor, as shown by the Coronado-United Mine Workers' decision. He thought, as he says in his intimate, gossipy letters, that labor must be hit on the snout every now and then; that God was in his heaven and all was right with the world when Coolidge was President and Mellon was Treasurer.

Some of the Chief Justice's small talk about getting "sound" people into the Yale law faculty, in place of professors who sympathized with Sacco and Vanzetti, distinctly adds to our knowledge of the infallibility and impartiality of the judiciary. We thought that radicals *only imagined* that conservatives said such things. But Pringle, with restrained and kindly humor, goes on to relate how President Coolidge in 1923 actually asked Mr. Chief Justice Taft (in confidence) what policies, if any, his administration ought to follow—"what there was to do. . . ." And Taft, in confidence, actually replied advising President Coolidge to "do nothing."

Then there is the comedy of the Chief Justice's children—to whom he was such a delightful father—sometimes turning liberal or voting Democratic. His daughter even read this journal of opinion, now celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. And Taft, fully in his character, uttered the solemn warning: "There is a yellow layer in our social and political community which includes . . . the editors of The New Republic."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

[1] The Life and Times of William Howard Taft, by Henry F. Pringle. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 2 vols. 1,126 pages. $7.50.

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Nobel Prizeman: 1939

THERE CAN BE small doubt that there are political overtones in the awarding of the 1939 Nobel Prize for Literature to Frans Eemil Sillanpää. For many years a champion of Scandinavian coöperation, Sillanpää has also been for his fellow countrymen, hardly less than Sibelius, a symbol of Finnish culture and nationalism. For his name to be chosen at this time may be intended to emphasize Baltic unity in more ways than one. It would be possible, however, to stress too much this aspect of the award. Sillanpää has perfectly valid literary claims—the Swedish Academy considered him both in 1935 and 1936—and as a writer has held himself somewhat above the battle.

In "The Maid Silja" (Macmillan, $2.50) and "Meek Heritage" (Knopf, $2.50), the only two of his novels that have had English translation so far, the struggles between the Reds and Whites in 1918 form part of the background, but Sillanpää holds the balance evenly between them. He feels the grievances of the farm laborers and tenant farmers, but he is not unfriendly to the farm owners. The heroine of one, the maid Silja, gives aid to members of both forces, in pure human sympathy, without understanding their contention; and poor dull-witted, half-starving Jussi, in the other, makes inflammatory speeches that he does not understand, and meets his end before a White firing squad for a murder he did not commit, without Sillanpää ranging himself as a partisan of either side.

The quality of his feeling is rather, if these two novels are an index, that of a less dramatic, more lyrical Hamsun, one whose lyricism is almost wholly elegiac. Sillanpää seems to see life as a steady pilgrimage in which the only certainty is the end that it approaches. Both novels begin with the death of the central character. The farm servant Silja dies of tuberculosis, alone, in a farm outbuilding at the age of twenty-two; Jussi in a pit choked with other bodies, at the age of sixty. Then Sillanpää goes back and traces the entire past of each character from birth—in the story of Silja he begins even farther back, with her father's marriage—as a gradual process of dying. Even the youthful flowering of an organism for him is overshadowed by the consciousness that this is an ephemeral part of a cycle, and there comes a stage when thenceforth everything is running down: "Jussi's life had reached a point," he will write, "at which it might as well have ended."

No startling events happen to either protagonist. Silja's father, combining within himself "a strain of high-minded obstinacy" and little hardness or skill in management, loses his once prosperous farm, and little by little drifts downhill until, when he dies, his daughter is obliged to hire out on farms humbler than the one of which she might have been mistress. Jussi, bewildered and defeated from the start, has a moment in which it seemed he might become a farmer working his own land, but slides back into beaten misery. There is a kind of dream and glacierlike movement through the years, with a slow attrition of all existences and emotions.

But Sillanpää's feeling, for all the elegiac tones, is not one of melancholy. Rather it is gravely majestic and pensive. In his student days at the University of Helsinki he was immersed in the natural sciences, and they have left their imprint on his philosophy. He might echo Claude Bernard's words, "The living being . . . is a member of the universal concert of things, and the life of the animal, for example, is only a fragment of the total life of the universe." Trees and animals and human beings, through ever moving mutations, only perform nature's handiwork and respond to nature's impulses. "None of them remembered at the moment what Nature's aim had been in guiding them so far. . . . After it had happened, Nature drew away, as it were, after-moments not being its concern." Superficially, perhaps, such sentences may seem to anthropomorphize nature. But Sillanpää knows that whatever nature may be, it is not limited to furthering man's purposes. "There is nothing sentimental about the full moon, which merely throws on the sleeping and the waking alike the stream of light poured on it by the sun." And in that vaster symphony of being, of which both sun and moon are only parts, the life of man is merely a series of living and dying notes solemnly dissolving in the air. Sillanpää's valedictory might echo Sir Thomas Browne: "We begin to die when we live, and long life is but a prolongation of death . . . we live with death, and die not in a moment."

EDGAR JOHNSON

Novels More or Less

White Sails Crowding, by Edmund Gilligan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.
The Day Before, by H. M. Tomlinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
You Get What You Ask For, by Norman Macleod. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books. $2.50.

MANY WHO READ "Boundary Against Night" wished Mr. Gilligan would clean his pipe and write us another, straighter book. With "White Sails Crowding" he seems to have gone off the deep end. His style is more consciously orotund—the Elizabethans, King James men, the Irish dramatists and a good lacing of Gloucester slang. He is taking more than an oblique aim at another "Moby Dick," I think, and while this is a good ambition to have, it skips the fact that a copy of it even by Melville himself still wouldn't be the original.

The story is about the wild voyage of a crew of the magnificent Portsmouth halibut fishermen of the 1880's. Starting out with an air of mystery and a chowder breakfast that would bring tears to your eyes, it collects its grand men, goes spanking up to the ice fields, puts out its dories and brings the mystery to a head in a cutting-out raid against the Canadian patrols. Up to this point the hero is a master without a ship and is made to appear so solemn and sublime as to be purely ridiculous. But after a storm and a little fishing we start the main thread of the story, whose white whale is a mighty, pinnacled ice floe "as big as Cape Ann." From there on everything is in it—drowning, freezing, dying of exposure, thirst, hunger; hunting and love and a final Robinson Crusoe existence on the ice floe itself.

The cutting-out incident has several bits of poor typewriter seamanship (relative positions, useless risks, and the assumption that the light on an abandoned ship's dory in

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a sea would be followed all night as the ship's light itself by any seaman east of Iowa); and the following harbor disaster no wise masters could have got into in this way. Otherwise the detail—all the mechanics of a demanding and heroic craft, the outfitting, routine, nimble strategy and ship's life—is exciting in its profusion: Mr. Gilligan not only is thorough in research but walks with a bit of a roll himself. In such matters, his book is a must for all armchair navigators.

"White Sails Crowding" is not satisfied with being an adventure book, which is a pity. It must have overtones, visions with no specific meaning, a cumbrous air of majesty, a good larding of quotations from Great Prose and Poetry, and fancy work of its own: "I turned away. I shut my eyes to this image of glory and I shut my heart to its majesty. I said to my soul: 'No More!' " That, I am afraid, is what the reader says now and then, for the book has too much of everything, and leaves one effect for another too readily to build its own effect. What you have left is the adventure and its background—both done in about as noble prose as you will find, hearty, vivid and free running on the level.

"The Day Before" is a novel first about certain typical reactions in a certain period, and second about people. England in the years leading up to 1914—nothing so ambitious as all of England, but the state of mind of a few acute and knowledgeable characters. Likable too, though nothing much happens to them in the book. The first one gets a job on a London daily through the second one, who is a merry cynic but worried for the world (he finally sails on the "Titanic" by mistake). From Fleet Street we cover phases of the dockyard strike, the Agadir crisis, the Coronation, the campaigns of the suffragettes. The third character, who has been in and out, finally marries the first, and their baby is toddling around when word comes of Sarajevo.

It is a very intelligent period book, and probably gets more into it of the permanence and change of those years than any twenty volumes of reminiscence. But it is a book that goes its own way, often leaving the reader to go his. About the time he gets interested in this relation or that line of action, Mr. Tomlinson is getting bored with it, and starts somebody talking about the new machine age, the press, Europe, the damn women: It is good stuff, but more his book than ours.

"You Get What You Ask For" puts more interest into its period (the Lean, or WPA Thirties) than Mr. Tomlinson manages. Part of this is its nearness to the field of present vision, of course; but a larger part comes from its higher intensity. The staccato method of treatment is not new, but Mr. Macleod brings over a certain chopped brevity of line from poetry that gives it a new slant as fiction. I do not mean the occasional overprose splash any beginner is liable to ("Grandpa Klaber lay stiffly upon the cot that contained his sickness, his leg shattered at the foot of the bed lying"); but a stepping-up of effect through concision and spacing:

> The razors were sharp in Harlem midnights.
> And the streets were thick with violence.

These are dangerous doings, but on the whole managed well as a natural means, not as fireworks in themselves.

The main character moves from active C. P. work to dissatisfaction with the party line, to the Federal Writers' Project in New York, and out of it on his ear, to almost complete alcoholic saturation and final rescue by the cure. Another thread of story is supplied by the titanic revels of a pair from the left-over Bohemianism of Max's cellar-trap in the Village. And there are in it the lives of a solid but unhappy family. These homefolk are apparently designed as a stabilizer to the wild drifting of the rest, but—since they have been done before, and better—are more dead weight than anything else. The vivid stuff is in the picture of troubled minds and degeneration, union and WPA politics, the mechanics of living, the earnest interchange of revolutionary letter-writers and the pure helling around. It isn't a pretty picture, or a false one either. Many people were more lucky and many who weren't didn't go to pieces. But about the only place writers can go from bad is to worse, and the thirties have been pretty miserable years for a lot of them.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Great Triumvirate

America's Silver Age: The Statecraft of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, by Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 290 pages. $3.50.

THIS ADDITION to Mr. Johnson's growing shelf of books on the Middle Period is written in the urbane and informal style of his historical essays on Randolph and Jackson. It contributes nothing new to our knowledge of men and events of this much told story, save Mr. Johnson's play of wit and insight and understanding. That, to be sure, is no small contribution in itself.

The action derives from the race of the Great Triumvirate against time and the rising Jacksonian democracy. In the leading roles there are Webster, champion of the new slavery of the North; Calhoun, champion of the old slavery of the South; and Clay, champion of compromise, striving to harness both to the chariot of his American System. Mr. Johnson allows himself considerable latitude in assigning space and importance to the characters in his story by insisting that his subject is "statecraft," not "politics," and that he is examining the past in "the light of our own times." These limitations, however, would still not explain why Clay is permitted to steal the show. There is something else. Throughout the book runs the theme of the menace of humorless men, "men of principle, men without doubts," men "persuaded that God had given them a monopoly of rectitude." In striking contrast with "such frenetic messiahs as Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun," Henry Clay is presented as "the great protagonist of uncertainty," an "unprincipled man" and a master at the art of compromise and poker.

Someone has remarked about Henry Adams' volumes on the administration of Jefferson that although Adams assures us that Jefferson was a very great man, he never presents his reader with any substantiation of the judgment. Somewhat the same paradox applies to Mr. Johnson on Clay. While he damns all who fail to appreciate Clay as "orderly souls" and "authoritarians," he also damns Clay even more unsparingly. Clay, he writes, had "an ingrained contempt for democratic processes," together with the "old, familiar blindness" of all stanch defenders of the status quo against the "agitators." The heritage of Clay's adventures in di-

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plomacy is a "bungling foreign policy," and the heritage of his dream of the American System is the protective tariff. He regarded politics as a game, and he was "cynically ready to sacrifice the whole agricultural population to the exigencies of his game." If it was Clay's magic that repeatedly exorcised the devil of civil war, it was Clay's iniquitous tariff that conjured up the devil in the first place.

Mr. Johnson never revealed truer historical wisdom than when he wrote that "Criticism of the vices of a man prominent in history is easy, but a correct appraisal of his virtues is extremely difficult." As for his difficulties in appraising the virtues of Henry Clay, however, it is just possible that the Jacksonian democrats had the explanation: There were so few of them.

C. VANN WOODWARD

Salesmen of Illusion

The Power of the Charlatan, by Grete de Francesco. Translated by Miriam Beard. New Haven: Yale University Press. 296 pages. $3.75.

THE AUTHOR of this book, a Swiss journalist, has investigated the lives of several quacks and charlatans of various calibers, who flourished between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. The translator, Miriam Beard, has added some new material about these fascinating salesmen of illusion. They were fascinating in the original sense of the word, which means, says the Oxford Dictionary, "depriving the victim of power of resistance by one's look or presence." They were small fry compared with the contemporary racketeers who control empires and organize mass persecutions or appeasement panics; but they belong to the same species, and the methods used in winning followers are strikingly similar. At any rate, the psychology of the cheats and their dupes, the technique of misleading propaganda and the conditions under which it is effective, are very timely subjects.

To sell worthless merchandise requires an appeal to the irrational in man; the prospective buyer's critical sense must be dulled, he must be "keyed" emotionally instead of intellectually. In order to achieve that aim, the traditional quack surrounds himself with harlequins, wears exotic costumes, travels in gilded coaches, organizes impressive parades. The curiosity of his public is whetted by rumors of his mysterious powers, and whatever reverses he may suffer are ascribed to secret enemies. Thrilling speeches "transporting audiences into a trancelike rapture," slogans made of "iridescent" words, self-laudation and intolerance of other people's ideas are the charlatan's strongest weapons. He operates on a raised platform which serves as both shop and stage: like modern radio advertisers he sells his wares in the intervals between noisy performances.

This incontestable ingenuity of the quack would be of little avail without the existence of a public predisposed to admire his fireworks; and mass gullibility is itself a product of specific social conditions. From Grete de Francesco's analyses which, as a whole, do justice to the complexity of their subject, we may infer that the principal of these conditions is the presence of a need that the established or official agencies can no longer satisfy, because they are either obsolete or inefficient; at the same time, the satisfaction of that need must have come within the realm of the possible, or even the probable. Thus, at a time when official medicine was hostile to the new spirit of experimentation, the quacks were actually "experimenting" with new remedies; although inspired by sordid motives, they were working in the right direction, and there was at least one honest man, an Italian doctor named Buonafede Vitali, who successfully fought scholastic physicians by using quacks' methods.

In the eighteenth century, when the French nobles were rapidly losing power to the profit of the advancing middle classes, they fell an easy prey to the "higher" charlatans, like Cagliostro, who offered them exclusive, "noble" methods to enrich themselves. Today a mass movement like Townsend's can thrive only because old-age insurance is both a real need and an objective economic possibility; and we must never forget that the National Socialist swindle would not have had a chance had not the conditions in Germany been ripe for real socialism. "Every form of insecurity," every "indiscriminate protest against the existing, although deficient order," is thus turned to account. The charlatans, speculators on human weakness, are not merely cool misanthropes; they have also an uncanny ability to guess the human dreams to which they give an illusory satisfaction. There is always a grain of truth in their lies.

NORBERT GUTERMAN

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A Reader's List

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP, by Mary Ellen Chase (Macmillan, $2.50). Thirty years of teaching, from a wind-swept rural schoolhouse in Maine to a post at Smith College. No thin-lipped principles of education here, but the warm-hearted reminiscences of a writer who found in classrooms her particular thoroughfare to the good life.

NEWSPAPER CRUSADERS, by Silas Bent (Whittlesey House, $3). After writing two books that deal with the sins of American journalism, Mr. Bent now tells the other side of the story, describing the achievements of those publishers, editors and reporters who have fought boldly for America's social conscience.

—FROM THE SOUTH SEAS, by Margaret Mead (Morrow, $4). By her studies of South Sea cultures, Miss Mead has been trying to cast new light on various psychological and social problems of our own. Her three valuable works —"Coming of Age in Samoa," "Growing Up in New Guinea" and "Sex and Temperament"—have now been reprinted in one volume of 1,085 pages, with a new introduction. A good book to keep.

OVER THE DIVIDE, by Victor A. Yakhontoff (Coward-McCann, $3). Helped by his unswerving Russian patriotism, the author of this autobiography transformed himself from a member of the former ruling class to a supporter of the Soviets. As a professional soldier and diplomat he played an important part in the First World War and afterwards, and the record of his personal experiences has the value of a historical document.

VICTORIA ROYAL, by Rita Wellman (Scribner's, $3.50). The Victorian spirit in England and America analyzed through its externals (furniture, clothes, architecture) and "its esthetic spirit wavering between the cathedrals and the toyshop." Fine humor and a fund of facts. The illustrations are first-rate.

Fiction

THEY SOUGHT FOR PARADISE, by Stuart David Engstrand (Harpers, $2.50). Swedish pioneer settlers in Illinois, trying to build a New Jerusalem under their wild-eyed, sinister leader, Eric Janssen. The usual frontier hardships convincingly portrayed, plus effective sidelights on a prophet who had to be dead before he could be proved a phony.

LIGHTWOOD, by Brainard Cheney (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). An interesting document but a loose novel about Georgia backwoodsmen up against a Yankee lumber company that wants to dispossess them. Mr. Cheney knows his Crackers and his piney woods.

LOOK AWAY, by George N. Shuster (Macmillan, $2.50). The story of a Midwestern girl married to a Southern sympathizer during the Civil War. It is told, apparently, to express the belief of the author, a Catholic liberal, that American democracy and marriage are both impregnable, no matter what pain and stress threaten to wreck them.

Contributors

GENEVIEVE TABOUIS, the French journalist, is the author of several books in the field of international politics.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is professor of Political Science at Williams College and the author, among other books, of "Europe on the Eve," published by Alfred A. Knopf.

D. H. PALMER is an engineer and physicist, co-author of the book "Millions on Wheels."

KINGSLEY MARTIN is the editor of The New Statesman and Nation, to which he contributes a London Diary. He is the author of "The Magic of Monarchy."

THEODORE ROETHKE was educated at Michigan and Harvard Universities. As a member of the English Department at Pennsylvania State College, he gives a course in verse writing.

EDGAR JOHNSON, the author of "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography" and "The Praying Mantis," gives a course in Poetry of the Romantic Period and one in Modern Biography at the New School for Social Research.

IRWIN ROSS is a senior at Harvard and editor of The Harvard Progressive.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author of many books, including "The Robber Barons" and "The Politicos," dealing respectively with American financiers and politicians.

C. VANN WOODWARD is teaching History this year at the University of Virginia while on leave of absence from the University of Florida. He is the author of "Tom Watson, Agrarian Rebel."

NORBERT GUTERMAN, who has a doctorate from the Sorbonne, writes for magazines here and in Paris.

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